

NO. 22  
35p monthly  
HAMMER'S

THE MUMMY - the full film told in comics!

CC  
02105

# HORROR

HALLS OF

DR JEKYLL  
& MR HYDE

PHANTOM  
OF THE OPERA

KARLOFF in  
THE SORCERERS



# HOH COLLECTOR'S ITEM BACK ISSUES



**HoH1** ..... 45p  
Illustrated adaptation of 1958 *Dracula*; Kronos; Lee biography & filmography; 1930s FX; Brazilian Horror, etc.



**HoH2** ..... 45p  
Curse of Frankenstein Part 1; Devil a Daughter; At Hammer studios; Hammer make-up; Italian Horror.



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**HoH17** ..... 45p  
Vampire Circus strip, Carreras 2, Harryhausen storyboards, Cathy's Curse, Child, Fairgrounds of Horror.



**HoH18** ..... 45p  
Frankenstein, *Dracula* and Werewolf strip, Cushing interview, History of Hammer I, Rattlers, Deep Red.



**HoH19** ..... 45p  
Reptile strip, Cushing filmography, History of Hammer II, Peking Man and Dinosaurs & Monster Birds.



**HoH20** ..... 45p  
Kronos strip, Incredible Melting Man and Savage Bees reviews, Vampire Hunters feature, Hammer III

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**HoH BARGAIN BASEMENT**, 135 Wardour Street, London W1V 4AP, England



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HAMMER'S HALLS OF HORROR, Volume 2, Number 10. July 1978 issue.

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It's funny really. In 1976, after our 17 issue, 3 year run of **Monster Mag** (all sought-after collectors' editions), I thought it was about time somebody tried an adult horror film magazine.

After all, most horror movies carry the "adults only" certificates (R in the States, X in Britain), so that's where the main following must lie.

The world's first-ever movie monster magazine (*Screen Chills*, Peg Publishers of Croydon, 1957) had been aimed at adults, featuring **Dead That Walk**, **Teenage Werewolf** and Robert Bloch, but since then, outside of fan-magazines with small circulations, publishers had aimed at the kiddie-monster market only, with pun-filled magazines.

I also believed such an up-market movie magazine could provide a chance for me to realise another ambition of mine — to produce adult comic strips. By "adult" I didn't mean sex-comics, but artwork the artists could be proud of, knowing they were aiming at intelligent adults, rather than drawing down for children.

After all "comics", like horror film magazines were first created for adults, when **Ally Sloper's Half Holiday** first went on sale in Britain in 1875. Like horror film mags, they somehow lost their aim along the way.

So, the magazine would be



Editor Dex and reader Russell... age 8

intelligently written, with comics used to illustrate horror film classics past and present.

Why comics? Because I believe in the old "a picture tells a thousand words" adage. The only real difference between comics and films is that films are *moving* pictures — invariably taken from

artists' drawn-out storyboards at that.

So, with the talent of some of the world's top genre authors and artists, plus the enthusiastic cooperation of Hammer Films, **HoH** was born.

But (well, it had to be leading up to something)... it seems I

totally underestimated the youngsters of today! About fifty percent of our mailbag seems to be from readers well under 16 years old many of whom have (somehow) seen the R(X)-rated horror movies and almost all of whom prefer our approach to the more jokey juvenile magazines.

What clinched the whole thing was an event that happened recently. By appointment, a reader came up to our offices one day. Russell Campbell, complete with monster make-up and outfit, who had travelled over 20 miles on public transport (doubtless frightening everybody in sight) to meet us. Over lunch he told us how he reads every issue of **HoH** strips, features and all, and thoroughly enjoys it. His age? **Eight!**

So, in future, when we talk about an adult market reading **HoH**, understand that to mean anyone intelligent enough to read a magazine written on an adult level.

Needless to say, with the help of reading **HoH**, young Russell is getting glowing praise in his English language lessons.

It seems **HoH** isn't just entertaining and informative... but educational, too!

*Dex Skinn*

Dex Skinn (Editor)

## BINDER OFFER



Available at last! In answer to literally *hundreds* of pleas and requests we now have in stock the custom-made **HoH** Volume Binders.

Made especially for easy-read reference without taking the magazine out of its binder, you'll be able to keep your collector's item first dozen issues in absolutely mint condition on your bookshelf. And while you're ordering, why not get an extra binder for volume two? That way you'll be able to build up the volume month-by-month.

These binders come in beautiful simulated-leather finish, with the **HoH** masthead logo and title clearly printed down the spine.

Available to **HoH** readers at the bargain price of £2.50 (£3.50 outside UK) including postage and packing.

As a special bonus offer, we also have available binders without the **HoH** title down the spine, for your copies of similar sized magazines so please state when ordering *how many binders you require*, and whether *with or without spine* title.

Cheques/postal orders made payable to Top Sellers Ltd., send your order to:

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# THE MUMMY

Starring

PETER CUSHING ..... John Banning  
CHRISTOPHER LEE ..... Kharis  
YVONNE FURNEAUX ..... Isobel/Ananka  
EDDIE BYRNE ..... Mulrooney  
Directed by TERENCE FISHER; Screenplay by JIMMY SANGSTER, from the screenplay of *The Mummy* (1932) by John L. Balderston; Produced by MICHAEL CARRERAS. Released by Universal (Britain: Rank). 88 mins. Technicolor.

1895, A JUNGLE CLEARING IN THE NORTH SUDAN... THE END OF A LONG SEARCH BY ARCHAEOLOGISTS STEPHEN BANNING AND JOSEPH WHEMPLE...

AFTER TWENTY YEARS, JOSEPH... THE TOMB OF ANANKA! IT HAS TO BE!



DAVID JACKSON



AND THE REASON WHEMPLE WANTS TO LEAVE IS BANNING'S SON, JOHN...

IF THAT **BROKEN** LEG ISN'T SET PROPERLY, YOU'LL HAVE A LIMP FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE...

BUT THERE ARE OTHERS WHO DISAGREE WITH BANNING... INCLUDING AN EGYPTIAN WHO APPEARS MYSTERIOUSLY IN THE CAMP...

I APPEAL TO YOU, SIR! YOU MUST NOT BREAK INTO THE TOMB! THERE ARE GOOD REASONS...

BUT TOO LATE! WE **HAVE** TO LEAVE...

NO... WE **CAN'T!** NOT NOW...

A **SMALL** PRICE, THEN. THIS BADGE WE FOUND SHOWS IT MUST BE THE TOMB. GET THE MEN EXCAVATING, FATHER...

WE HAVE OUR PERMITS... AND IF YOU ARE NOT FROM THE GOVERNMENT, SIR, I SUGGEST YOU MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!

Script: Steve Moore

Artwork: David Jackson

All characters and original story copyright © Hammer Films, 1979

BUT THE EGYPTIAN STRAYS TO WATCH... FOR TWO MONTHS, UNTIL FINALLY...

THIS IS IT, JOSEPH... THE DOOR SEEMS TO BE PIVOTED. AH, IT'S MOVING...

CAREFUL, STEPHEN... IT MIGHT BE TRAPPED...



AND THEN, TO THEIR AMAZEMENT...

UNTOUCHED FOR 4000 YEARS!

THIS HAS TO BE IT! LOOK AT THE SARCOPHAGUS!



'HANDMAIDEN OF THE GREAT GOD KARNAK... IT IS HER, STEPHEN! ANANKA!'

AND LOOK! THE SCROLL OF LIFE! GO AND TELL JOHN!



BUT AS WHIMPLE EMERGES INTO THE DAYLIGHT...

ARYYYAARGH!



WHAT THE DEVIL...?

SHOCKED, WHIMPLE HARDLY NOTICES THE EGYPTIAN BEATING HIM INTO THE TOMB... UNTIL THE MAN STARTS TO COME OUT AGAIN...

GET OUT OF THE WAY, DAMN YOU! WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE, STEPHEN?



BUT INSIDE...

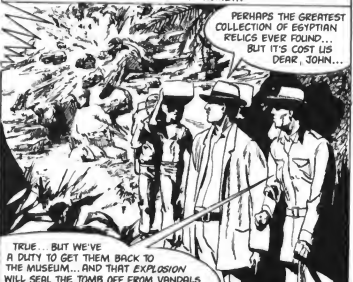
AAAH!  
AAH!  
AAH!

STEPHEN!  
WHAT IS IT, MAN? WHAT HAPPENED?

SOME KIND OF SHOCK... SEEMS TO HAVE SENT HIM MAD!



BUT THERE IS NOTHING TO BE DONE FOR STEPHEN BANNING... EXCEPT WIND UP THE EXPEDITION AND HEAD FOR HOME...



PERHAPS THE GREATEST COLLECTION OF EGYPTIAN RELICS EVER FOUND... BUT IT'S COST US DEAR, JOHN...

TRUE... BUT WE'VE A DUTY TO GET THEM BACK TO THE MUSEUM... AND THAT EXPLOSION WILL SEAL THE TOMB OFF FROM VANDALS...

THREE YEARS PASS AS BANNING COMPLETES HIS FATHER'S WORK... UNTIL...

I'M SORRY, BUT I SHALL HAVE TO LEAVE FOR A FEW DAYS. I'VE GOT A LETTER FROM THE DOCTOR... MY FATHER'S ASKING TO SEE ME...

THEN YOU THINK HE MIGHT BE RECOVERING?



A LONG TRAIN JOURNEY TAKES BANNING BACK TO DARTMOOR... AND HIS FIANCÉE, ISOBEL...

DOCTOR REILLY THOUGHT HE WAS INCURABLE... HE'S HARDLY SAID A WORD... AND THEN, SUDDENLY...



I'LL SEE YOU LATER... DON'T WAIT. YOU'LL COME TO DINNER THIS EVENING?

AND INSIDE...

YOU ASKED TO SEE ME, FATHER?

I HAD TO TELL YOU, JOHN... THE MUMMY... FROM ANANKA'S TOMB!



SHE'S IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM NOW...

BANNING LISTENED PATIENTLY AS A WILD TALE SPILLED FROM THE OLD MAN'S LIPS...

NOT HER... THE OTHER MUMMY... THE ONE I BROUGHT TO LIFE WHEN I READ THE SCROLL. IT HATES US, JOHN! HATES US FOR DESECRATING THE TOMB!

BUT THAT NIGHT, SUDDENLY...

BUT FATHER... NOTHING HAPPENED IN THE TOMB!

YOU'RE A FOOL, JOHN... YOU'D BETTER GO...

I'M NOT TRYING TO FIND OUT! IT'S BAD ENOUGH WITH A BOX OF THESE 'ERE EGYPTIAN RELICS... GIDDAP THERE!

DON'T KNOW WHY THIS FOREIGNER WANTS 'EM ANYWAY, PAT!

BUT AS THE TWO LOCAL CARTERS URGE THE HORSES ON...

THE BOX, PAT! IT'S FALLING... INTO THE BOG!

WHOA!

NOT FAR AWAY...

IT'S COMING TO KILL US ALL! GET IT AWAY!

LISTEN TO THAT FROM THE NUT-HOUSE! D'YOU THINK ONE OF 'EM'S ESCAPED?

NEXT MORNING...

MEHMET BEY IS THE NAME, OFFICER. I ENGAGED THESE TWO TO BRING THE BOX FROM THE STATION... THE RELICS ARE VERY VALUABLE...

I'M SORRY, SIR... BUT THERE'S NO HOPE OF RECOVERY... THE BOG'S BOTTOMLESS HERE...

AND THEN, AS THE REANIMATED MUMMY CLIMBERS UP TO THE CAUSEWAY...

BUT THAT NIGHT FINDS MEHMET BEY MAKING HIS OWN RECOVERY ATTEMPT...

...AMTAK ID KARNAK...

EK IMKAR EK AMTAK KADAR...

DODECAT... RANTRAG GESTER...

AND AS BEY READS THE SCROLL OF LIFE, STOLEN FROM THE TOMB OF ANANKA...

...IM TOMAB...

GO! DESTROY THOSE WHO DESTROYED THE TOMB OF OUR PRINCESS! AND MAY THE GOD KARNAK GO WITH YOU



THERE ARE TWO DANGEROUS MEN TONIGHT... FOR STEPHEN BANNING HAS BECOME SO UNMANAGEABLE THAT...



WE'RE KEEPING YOU IN THE PADDED CELL FOR A WHILE! IF YOU WANT ANYTHING, RING THE BELL... WE WON'T BE ABLE TO HEAR YOU IF YOU SHOUT...

YET THE FEAR IS GREAT...



NO! GET AWAY! HELP! SOMEONE HELP ME!

AND IN THE VILLAGE'S ONE PUB...

SORRY, MR BANNING, TERRIBLE BUSINESS! WHO COULD'VE DONE IT?



PROB'LY THAT DAMN FOREIGNER!

FOREIGNER?

AND SO STEPHEN BANNING IS LEFT ALONE TO PONDER... TO WAIT... AND TO FEAR...



AND THE END INEVITABLE...

OORRGH!



K R K

JUST MOVED INTO THE BIG HOUSE ACROSS THE CAUSEWAY. DON'T TRUST ANY OF 'EM... 'IM AN' 'IS EGYPTIAN RELICS... BET, 'IS NAME IS...



EGYPTIAN? I SEE... I THINK I MAY PAY A CALL ON THIS MR BET... HAVE A DRINK ON ME, PAT...

BUT THE WAIT IS NOT LONG...



NOOOO!!

NEXT DAY, AFTER A HURRIEDLY CONVENED CORONER'S HEARING...

"MURDER BY PERSON OR PERSON'S UNKNOWN" BUT HE NEVER HAD AN ENEMY IN HIS LIFE...



IF IT WASN'T THAT SOMEONE HAD BROKEN IN, I'D SUSPECT THE INMATES... COME ON, JOHN, LET'S HAVE A DRINK...

YET WHEN BANNING ARRIVES AT THE HOUSE...



GOOD DAY. UH... IS THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE AT HOME?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING AT THE DOOR? GET AWAY FROM THERE!







"BUT KHARIS SOON SLIPPED AWAY AND RETURNED, IN LIEU HE HAD LOVED THE PRINCESS... A FORBIDDEN LOVE, FOR SHE WAS VOWED TO THE GOD KARNAK HIMSELF..."



"BUT NOW SHE WAS DEAD, THE VOWS WERE NO LONGER BINDING, AND SO KHARIS COMMITTED THE ULTIMATE BLASPHEMY OF TRYING TO BRING HER BODY BACK TO LIFE, USING A SCROLL SAID TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY THE GOD KARNAK HIMSELF..."

EK IMKAR EK AMTAK KADAR...



"BUT THE OTHER PRIESTS ALREADY SUSPECTED KHARIS, AND HAD RETURNED AS WELL, THERE WAS NOTHING HE COULD DO BUT SUBMIT TO THEIR TERRIBLE VENGEANCE... FIRST HIS TONGUE WAS TORN OUT..."



"BUT KHARIS WAS NOT EVEN ALLOWED THE RELEASE OF DEATH... HE WAS BURIED ALIVE, GUARDING THE TOMB FOR ETERNITY..."



"OTHERS NEVER RETURNED TO EGYPT... THAT'S WHY IT TOOK FATHER SO LONG TO FIND THE TOMB..."

"BUT WE ONLY FOUND ONE MUMMY, JOHN... AND SHE'S IN THE MUSEUM. I'LL LEAVE YOU WITH YOUR LEGENDS... I'M GOING TO BED..."



"YET WHILE WHEMPLE RETIRES, OTHERS ARE PREPARING..."



"HELP US, GREAT KARNAK... AND WE WILL FULFILL THE SECOND OF OUR TASKS..."



"GO NOW, DESTROY THE SECOND OF THE INFIDELS WHO DESECRATED THE TOMB OF YOUR PRINCESS..."



"BUT THE BRANDGED ASSASSIN DOES NOT WALK UNSEEN..."

BLIMEY!

"THOUGH A NOCTURNAL PORCHER IS HARDLY LIKELY TO BETRAY HIM..."



"AND MINUTES LATER, KHARIS THE MUMMY ANNOUNCES HIS ARRIVAL AT THE BRANNING HOUSE..."

SKRA KASH

continued on page 27

# FILM SCENE news

## 11

# MEDIA MACABRE

comes from America and Canada. Perhaps they'll call him Surelock. ...

## Amy Shines

It's all happening for Brian De Palma's discovery, Amy Irving—who also happens to be Steven Spielberg's girlfriend. After a test run in *Carrie*, she's earned star-billing in De Palma's new frightener, *The Fury*. And now she's into the lead of MGM's *Voices* opposite Michael Ontkean from *Slap Shot*.

Amy is the daughter of a Universal producer-director Jules Irving and actress Priscilla Pointer. Never heard of them; but we're sure to be hearing a lot about Amy. She's winning more plaudits than Amy Carter. And so she should.

## Earl Rocks

Earl Owensby, the unknown actor-producer from North Carolina, has introduced a while back (*Media Macabre*, HoH 20)—playing the lead in his own project *Wolfman*—has announced a new project, *Living Legend*. His co-stars will be Ginger Alden, Elvis Presley's "fiancee", and Ed Parker, who used to be Prasley's security chief. From lycanthrope to Elvis, that's one mighty jump. Is Owensby trying to tell us something?

## French Coma

Top French talent Jean Yanne is setting up his first international project, *The Organ Hunters*—another spare-parts surgery movie. Jean who, I hear you shout? He's the Breton-born radio-TV-movies comic, satirist, actor, writer, producer, director, twice a killer in Claude Chabrol classics... and the incessant windmill-tilter who made front page news all over the world a couple of years back by flooding Parisian streets with marching red Chinese for his super-fantasy, *The Chinese In Paris*.

His latest batch of films

include Jodie Foster's first French film, which is perhaps why he's now preparing an English-speaking project in America. His *Organ Hunters* has gangsters trafficking in the latest hot commodity—human organs for the rich and needy, which should give a whole new meaning to most underworld clients' cry of, "I need a fix".

*Mais oui*, Yanne's film sounds like a second coming of MGM's *Coma*, which in its turn is highly

nasty in 1969 for Chabrol's *Qua la bete meure* (known variously as *Killari* and *The Beast Must Die*) and *Le Boucher/The Butcher*.

## French Dogs

And the director who gave Jean Yanne his first film break with *Le vie e l'envers/Upside Down* in 1963, has a nice contemporary horror afoot as well. *The Dogs*

Brothers Barnum and Bailey Circus. Wonder where Allen got the idea from—De Milla's *The Greatest Show On Earth?* More likely *Shawty*, which has a Ringling ad on page 2 every week.

Edward Anhalt is writing the script, giving Stirling Silliphant a rest from having to squeeze Richard Chamberlain into killer-bee or lofty inferno sagas. Warner Brothers foot the \$15,000,000 bill to cover "no less than six stars and two superstar names" and Ringling get a welter of free publicity. Fine—but how does Richard Chamberlain fit into a circus format...?

## Bargain Basement

The TV division of American International Pictures sold \$20,000,000 worth of movies to the three U.S. networks last year, plus distributing TV fodder like *Sinbad Junior* and 832 episodes of *The Avengers* world-wide, including countries behind the Iron Curtain. Their latest offer: 18 A.I.P. fantasy-cum-horror movies. They called this bunch: Ghoul-Rama II... What's that in Czech?

Meanwhile, AIP—the movies—have a big project en route. Jay Anson's best-selling book, *The Amityville Horror*—a true account of a Long Island confrontation with the occult.

## Warning 1

Hollywood is being more honest than usual with the sales-line on *Damien—Omen II*. "The first time," the line runs, "was only a warning". Yeah, not to bother with the sequel!

## Warning 2

It may be wrong to judge movies even before they're made, but we're not expecting much from an Italian offering called *Big Hit In Monte Carlo*. Scenario comes from Luciano Vincenzoni and Sergio Donati. The first gava us *Orca*, *Killer Whale*—which wa all threw right back; and his



derivative of *Choice Cuts*, the grisly thriller by Boileau and Narcejac, the French authors of Clouzot's *Les diaboliques/The Fiends* (1955) and Hitchcock's *Vertigo* (1958). So isn't it about time someone went back to the original source and filmed *Choice Cuts*—about a guiltotined killer being put back together again with "appropriated" spare parts and limbs.

Jean Yanne would be great in the lead. He was a memorable

shows how one man can take over an entire suburb, with a little help from the guard dogs he's trained and sold to all the residents. ... A case of the biter bit, as it were.

## Big Top Disaster

Irwin Allen is following his *Swarm* shocker with yet another disaster thriller—*Circus, Circus, Circus!* Setting, needless to say, is the 108-year-old Ringling

# MEDIA MACABRE

partner supplied that horrendous piece of garbage known as **Holocaust 2000** in Britain, and rather more accurately as **The Chosen** in the States. Their's must be the worst team-up since Michael Winner and Jeffrey Konvitz.

Even so, the producer in question (who shall, and should be, nameless) is searching for Hollywood stars. No doubt some fading names need the money....

## Canada Spends

Scriptwriters\* of the recent Tony Richardson mess, **Joseph Andrews**, are making ready a supernatural special for Canadian producer Garth Drabinsky to lavish \$6,000,000 on. The scribes are Allan Scott and Chris Bryant. Their new work—upper-class mayhem with top families beset by supernatural dangers—is untitled, uncast and Drabinsky is ferreting out a British director.

So what's wrong with David Cronenberg...?

## Shaw Quits

Our man from **Jaws** and **The Deep**, Robert Shaw—"I'm more bankable than Paul Newman"—is ready to quit the movie-star business, after **Avalanche Express** with Lee Marvin. Good, we say; but we're showing our prejudices again. His reason is good, anyway. "The scripts are getting worse". Shaw should know. He's a better novelist and playwright than actor. Incidentally, his few well-acted films include **The Luck of Ginger Coffey** in Canada for Crawley Films (no kin of mine). His director then is Irvin Kershner—who's handling **Star Wars 2**.

## We Hear...

... Donald Pleasence and Nancy Kwan's creepy Cat film, which later became **Devil Cat**, has now been released as **The Darkness**. Well, you know what they say: all cats are grey in the dark.

... Dimension Pictures are

planning **King Tut Lives...** John Saxon and Angel Tompkins take on Mexico's **Killer Bees**, the third (ninth...?) bee-movie of the year....

... the French just love John Boorman's **The Heretic**—**Exorcist II**; well, somebody had to....

Tony Crawley

## BOOK news

### "HORREUR ET EPOUVANTE"

A new history of the Horror film comes from France in the form of **Horreur et Epouvante (Horror and Terror)**, a 1977 PAC editions publication. Well, not actually a complete, thorough history of the genre, more a 232-page paperback breakdown of "Les Grandes Themes".

There is a condensed history/introduction at the beginning of the book—but the main body of the publication is taken up with surveys of Vampire movies, **Frankenstein** Monster movies, **Zombie** movies, **Werewolf** movies, etc. Author Pierre-Jean-Baptiste Benichou traces the screen history of each foretold sub-division, and completes each chapter with a title/data checklist. The coverage and observations are, surprisingly, routine—the sub-divisions are covered from beginning to present, and that's it.

Needless to say, the whole text is in French—relegating this work to hardcore film buffs and completist librarians, outside of France.

Writing and turning out a book that covers the history of a popular genre, such as Horror films, seems something of a pointless enterprise these days—considering the wealth of material currently available on the subject. There are several "histories" of the Horror film currently in print, and the addition of yet another title that reiterates most of the previous material goes to achieve little more than filling up the bookshelves.

Observation and analysis of a particular structure or theme within the genre may prove worthwhile reading, but when embarking on an ambitious project such as a "complete" history (as this book has done), singular exploration of a sub-division in any

detail is prohibited.

The Preface contains the by-now obligatory endorsement by Terry Fisher, but, unfortunately, doesn't go to make this book anything more than it already is. 38 pages "selective" filmography complete the book, the only difference here being that some of the more recent films are included in the index.

Anyone who is already familiar with the Horror film will not wish to cover old ground again, and those wishing to be introduced to the field already have a vast library of similar material to choose from.

In short, a fairly interesting item with some nice photographs and poster reproductions, but, nevertheless, an item strictly for the completists.

Available from specialist French bookshops, Film bookshops, or directly from the publishers: PAC, 3 rue Saint-Roch, 75001 Paris, France. Price variable, dependent on source of purchase.



### ARCHIVES OF EVIL

Horror-story anthologies, hardback and paperback, are quite a common (and welcome) sight in bookstores these days—the vast number currently available offer a wide choice of reading material, covering almost a century of gothic literature.

Several of these books have some uniformity (Victorian tales, Vampire tales, etc.), while the majority are general collections usually published under the general title of the publisher or—as in this case—under the name of a celebrity.

**Archives of Evil** (W. H. Allen, London, 1977) is a general collection of weird and horrific short stories presented by Christopher Lee and Michel Parry. Available in hardback (172 pages) at £3.95, the book contains eleven tales of terror selected by Chris Lee especially for this edition.

Widely known and respected in his capacity as an actor, Christopher Lee is also quite fluent with the world of literature—especially the gothic variety. W. H. Allen previously published his **Christopher Lee's 'X' Carticulate** anthology, which (for those who haven't yet grabbed a copy) is still in print and generally available. Michel Parry is certainly no stranger to anthologies of weird tales; he has compiled and edited several excellent volumes of *Fantastique* literature, two of which (*The Rivals of Dracula* and *The Rivals of Frankenstein*) have been reviewed in past issues of *HoH*. Mr. Parry has another *Rivals* of... collection due out shortly—this time dealing with the **King Kong** theme.

However, among the pages of **Archives of Evil**: Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's *The Adventure of the Sussex Vampire* is quite a gripping tale for those who haven't already read all the Sherlock Holmes mysteries. This story tends to lead you down several paths before hitting you with a final impact. A nice sense of atmosphere is maintained—in the best Holmes tradition.

*The Rats of Doctor Picard* by Henry Sleser is a fast-paced little story with a gutsy style, somewhat similar to that of the "bloody" pulps of the 1940s. Needless to say, the story centres on a pack of voracious rats. Ray Bradbury's *Skeleton*, probably the most stomach-squeezing tale in this collection, also teases through the text in a fashion not unlike the pulp fiction of **Weird Tales**. In this story, Mr. Harris becomes rather upset when he discovers that there's a skeleton lurking inside him—until a friendly stranger offers to help get rid of it... but I won't dwell on that!

A story that turns up almost too regularly in horror-anthologies is W. F. Hervey's *The Beast With Five Fingers*. However, this is such a superb tale of the supernatural that it justly deserves repeated inclusions; most fans will recall the excellent movie version made by Warner Brothers in 1947, and starring Peter Lorre.

Rounding up this volume, there are stories by John Collier, Jack London, Theodore Sturgeon, Saki, H. R. Wakefield, Messimo Bontempelli, and M. R. James with his short tale, *The Ash-Tree*. Montague R. James is better known to film buffs for the adaptation of his *Casting the Runes*, which became the classic movie *Night of the Demon* in 1957.

**Archives of Evil** is certainly a nice volume of fantastic stories, with quite an eye-catching colour dust-jacket, which won't only make good reading but is a nice item for the collectors' bookshelf.

T.V.

Completing our director Michael Reeves series (Witchfinder General/The Conqueror Worm (HoH 12); Castle of the Living Dead (HoH 17); and Revenge of the Blood Beast/The She Beast (HoH 19): John Fleming now looks at the Boris Karloff starring movie . . .

The late Michael Reeves' best-known movie is *Witchfinder General* (1968; US title *The Conqueror Worm*). But the previous year he made a film which took the classic horror theme of mental possession and twisted it by making the audience identify not with the victim but with the people who are possessing him.

The idea of *The Sorcerers* is the ultimate in voyeurism. The voyeurs actually experience what they are spying on. The film (rather oddly) won a *Golden Asteroid* award at the 1968 Trieste Science Fiction Festival. Actress Catherine Lacey won a *Silver Asteroid* for her performance and Boris Karloff had an award specially created for him.

Karloff plays Professor Monserrat, an elderly doctor of hypnotism who has been drummed out of the medical profession as a quack. For many years he has been experimenting in an attempt to improve his old stage act — hypnotising his audience by the use of psychedelic lights and sounds (the film was made in the flower power era.)

Monserrat is helped by his wife Estelle (Catherine Lacey). His ambition is to prove that, using his own brainpower, he can dominate another person's actions at a distance. But he has been reduced to poverty after newspaper exposure of his ideas. He can only dream of the day when his work can be finished . . . using a human guinea-pig.

Meanwhile, in a rather embarrassing swinging London, young Mike Roscoe is living the trendy life. He owns an antique shop. Nicole, a French girl, is in love with him but finds it difficult to understand his devil-may-care attitude. He is searching for something but he doesn't know what. Mike's friend Alan is a more sympathetic character who, to complicate matters, is in love with Nicole.

After a quarrel one night, Mike storms off from his friends. He meets Professor Monserrat in a Wimpy Bar and the old man offers him an exciting psychedelic experience . . . undreamt-of excitement with no penalties, no consequences. He goes to the professor's house and is 'processed'. In the ordinary mundane surroundings of a suburban living room, Monserrat has installed the special equipment he has built up through the years.

Mike is sent into the next room and the old couple successfully control his mind. But the experiment is a greater success than they'd ever imagined it could be. When Mike is commanded to crush an egg in his hand, both Monserrat and Estelle feel the sensation themselves. They can not only enter their subject's mind at will and at any time. They can not only control him. They can also feel, physically and emotionally, exactly what the subject experiences.

# The Sorcerers



It is, for two old people, the chance to have what Mike was originally tempted by — undreamt-of physical and emotional excitement without penalties.

It has been claimed that the film is an allegory about going to the cinema — experiencing anything you want with no consequences. That theory is best left to the sociological intellectuals. Also best left to them are the two conflicting triangular relationships (3 young friends + 3 personalities in one mind) and the closeness of the young man's name, Michael Roscoe, to the director's, Michael Reeves.

Returning to the plot, Mike is sent out of the house with no memory of what has happened. When the old couple realise the extent of their success, the struggle starts.

The professor feels that this great new power should be given to mankind for all to share. Mike could be sent on a world cruise and a group of frail old people could 'tune in' to his physical sensations. But Estelle argues that it's too early. She and Monserrat have worked on the project for many years and gained nothing. Surely they deserve something. Let Mike work for them alone in the short term. Just a few more experiments.

Mike goes for a midnight swim and the old couple feel the touch of cold water and the almost forgotten experience of swimming.

But Estelle becomes corrupted. She persuades her husband to make Mike rob a fur store; she wants a mink coat. And afterwards the professor is forced to admit he enjoyed the excitement of the robbery.

Mike, who is not aware of being controlled, is forced to speed along a highway on a motorbike so that Estelle can experience the exhilaration of high speed. She discovers that she can control the boy better than her husband. Once she realises this,



the floodgates are opened and her sadistic desires are uncontrollable.

There is a battle of willpower between the selfless professor and his selfish wife. Monserrat loses and now Estelle alone controls the boy. She makes him beat up his friend Alan, strangle a girl pop-singer and stab his ex-girlfriend (Susan George) with a pair of scissors.

Mike is pursued by the police, Alan and Nicole. He escapes in a car. But the professor summons up his last ounce of willpower and momentarily regains control from his wife. He forces the car to crash. It bursts into flames killing Mike and, far away from the blaze, the professor and Estelle are simultaneously burnt to death in their home.

Made for only £52,000, *The Sorcerers* received mixed reviews in Britain, won the Grand Prix at the San Sebastian Science Fiction Film Festival and made vast amounts of money in the USA.

As a result, Michael Reeves was asked to script and direct a movie version of Ronald Bassett's semi-fictional biography *Witchfinder General*. A film which the British censor was to say exploited sadistic violence to the full.

By way of summing up our look back over the career of Michael Reeves, we are currently preparing for a future *HoH* a biography complete with comments from such stars as Ian Ogilvy (who appeared in all the Reeves films except *Castle of the Living Dead*, co-starring with such horror stalwarts as Vincent Price, Boris Karloff and Barbara Steele).

Mike (Ian Ogilvy—now better known as tv's *The Saint*) esp., facing page; undergoes a mind control experiment at the hands of Professor Monserrat and Estelle (played by Boris Karloff and Catherine Lacey). Below left: Monserrat and Estelle begin to argue over their control of Mike's mind. Below right: When Mike's car crashes and he is burnt to death, Monserrat's linked mind causes him to suffer a similar fate.



### **The Sorcerers (1967)**

Boris Karloff (as Professor Monserrat), Catherine Lacey (Estelle), Ian Ogilvy (Mike), Elizabeth Ercy (Nicole), Victor Henry (Alan), Susan George (Audrey).

Directed by Michael Reeves, Produced by Patrick Curtis and Tony Tenser, Screenplay by Michael Reeves and Tom Baker (from an idea by John Burke), Music by Paul Ferris.

Time: 86 mins.

Cert: X



# HISTORY OF HAMMER

Part Five. The Phantom of the Opera, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde 1960-1963.

By Bob Sheridan

In 1960, Columbia Pictures released **The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll**, Hammer's first serious feature based on Robert Louis Stevenson's classic novel, *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (in the USA, the film was released by American-International Pictures as *House of Fright*). Hammer had already done a light variation on the theme (*The Ugly Duckling*—1959, HoH 20), but it is **The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll** which stands as the definitive Hammer version of the story.

As in **The Man Who Could Cheat Death**, Christopher Lee played a major role in **Jekyll**, but not the central one. Instead, the title character was portrayed by Paul Massie, a Canadian-born actor in his late twenties. Once again, Terence Fisher directed, this time from a screenplay by Wolf Mankowitz. The major Hammer "touch" in this film concerns the characters of both Jekyll and his alter ego, Hyde. In Stevenson's novel, Jekyll was a dedicated scientist, and Hyde an evil brute. On film, Jekyll was invariably handsome and at least relatively young. Hyde became a monster, often resembling a werewolf. The Hammer version called for Jekyll to be an old, bearded man, while Hyde would appear as a handsome young nobleman. And so Massie was put in the unusual position of playing the "monster" without any disguising makeup, while he wore heavy makeup in order to play the "normal" Jekyll!

This reversal of the standard appearances of Jekyll and Hyde is the basis for the film's original plot. Beyond the basic premise of Jekyll's experiments concerning the good and evil side of every man, **The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll** uses little from Stevenson's novel or earlier film versions. Instead, the film offers an eerie plot in which Hyde's evil nature is demonstrated through his degradation of Kitty (Dawn Addams), Jekyll's unfaithful wife. Through his debonair charm, Hyde attracts Kitty away from her lover Paul (Christopher Lee) and eventually drives her to suicide. Jekyll, aware that his wife is carrying on an affair with his best friend, is unable to do anything about it. However, Hyde, the evil side of Jekyll's personality, takes great delight in using sin as a punishment for sin. In so doing, the moral avenger shows that he has no sense of morality himself—in fact, he welcomes any opportunity for immorality. In a grotesque parody of divine retribution, the punishment is worse than the crime.

In keeping with Hammer's format of an exciting visual climax, the film offers a great fire, which is not a cleansing of evil, but a triumph of evil. Hyde has set fire to

Jekyll's laboratory so that the world will think that the doctor is dead. His plan seems successful until the film's final moment, when Jekyll's essentially good nature asserts itself, and Hyde transforms back into Jekyll before an official organisation which has just granted to Hyde the Jekyll estate. While many moral issues are left unresolved, the film ends optimistically, in that the good in one man triumphs over his own evil.

Christopher Lee has mentioned that his role in **The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll** is a personal favourite, and the acting on the

character of Robin Hood. Fisher also mentioned Greene's notion of Robin as an allegorical figure. The film reflects the attitudes of both its director and producer/star, who had worked together on the *Adventures of Robin Hood* television series during the 1950s.

While certainly not in the category of a "Hammer horror" film, **Sword of Sherwood Forest** is of interest to followers of Hammer's mainstream monster output. This is partially due to the cast, which in addition to Cushing included rising star Oliver Reed in a villainous role. Further,



From Hammer's *Sword of Sherwood Forest* (1960). Sarah Branch (as Maid Marion) and Peter Cushing (as the Sheriff of Nottingham).

whole is of a very high calibre. Director Fisher commented on the film's use of his recurring theme of the attractiveness of evil (here represented by the handsome Hyde), and he mentioned that Massie, in his dual role, "understood it and felt it".

Columbia next released Hammer's **Sword of Sherwood Forest**, starring producer Richard Green as Robin Hood, with Peter Cushing playing the villainous Sheriff of Nottingham. Director Terence Fisher stated that he enjoyed working in Ireland (where the film was shot), but that he never felt very deeply about the

film noticeably lacks the jolly spirit of most Robin Hood films, instead concentrating on images of suffering and death, and portraying the conflict between Robin and the Sheriff as a grim struggle between callous tyranny and defiant freedom.

Hammer's association with Columbia Pictures peaked in 1961; every Hammer film issued that year was released by Columbia! The first was *Visa to Canton* (changed to *Passport to China* for USA release), a cold war thriller produced and directed by Michael Carreras from a



Gordon Wellesley screenplay. Starring Richard Basehart and Lisa Gastoni, the film deals with a scheme to aid a refugee in escaping from Communist China. This was followed by the release of a Hilary-Falcon Production (Falcon was a Hammer subsidiary) entitled *The Full Treatment (Stop Me Before I Kill!* in USA). Val Guest produced and directed, and also wrote the screenplay with Ronald Scott Thorn, author of the novel upon which the film was based. The plot concerns a mentally-unhinged man named Alan Colby (Ronald Lewis) whose new marriage to his beloved Denise (Diane Cilento) is hindered by his illness as well as the intervention of his psychiatrist (Claude Dauphin), who has designs on Colby's bride. The next Hammer film was *A Weekend With Lulu*, a light comedy which featured Shirley Eaton, who would soon gain fame as the "golden girl" in the James Bond movie, *Goldfinger*.

Although not set in the Victorian period most associated with Hammer horror, Hammer's next film was one of their major horror releases, and it was successful enough to start a trend of its own. *Taste of Fear* (Scream of Fear in USA) featured a Jimmy Sangster script which proved that gothic horror does not automatically require a period setting in order to frighten its audience. Further, the screenplay was original, not based on any previously-

established classic. The film's direction was entrusted to Seth Holt, a relative newcomer with only one feature film (*Nowhere, To Go*) to his credit. However, the choice of Holt as director turned out to be a wise one, and, aided by Douglas Slocombe's atmospheric monochrome photography, Holt achieved an extremely effective eerie mood throughout the entire film.

In *Taste of Fear*, Christopher Lee portrayed a French doctor, as he had in *The Man Who Could Cheat Death*. This time, however, he had a much more sympathetic role, one which he brought across with as much conviction as he showed in his more famous villainous characterisations. The star of the film, though, was Susan Strassberg, who delivered a perfectly-keyed performance as a wheelchair-bound young woman who repeatedly comes across the body of her dead father (Andre Morell) in the most unexpected places. The film offers shocks and unexpected plot twists aplenty, right up to the ironic finale. Unlike Hammer's colour horror films, *Taste of Fear* was well-received by the critics as well as the public. In his double capacity as the film's producer and writer, Jimmy Sangster proved that there was more to Hammer horror than many people had previously realised. As a result of the picture's success, Hammer soon began to alternate modern-day



*Above and below; Three scenes from Hammer's Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll, featuring Canadian Paul Massie as the schizophrenic star. As Jekyll (directly above) he is a sensitive middle-aged doctor, as Hyde (below) he is suave, handsome, and sophisticated. As scriptwriter Wolf Mankowitz said, "Evil is attractive to all men. Therefore, it is not illogical that the face of evil should be attractive." For, while handsome, Hyde's character is ruthless, that of a man who exploits his good looks and charm to gratify the evil in his soul.*



thrillers with their better-known period pieces.

**Taste of Fear** was followed by **Watch It Sailor!** a domestic comedy adapted by Falkland Cary and Philip King from their own stage play. The film, which concerns seaman Dennis King's attempts to wed Liz Fraser while on leave despite the interference of Fraser's mother (Marjorie Rhodes), was produced by Maurice Cowan and directed by Wolf Rilla. Hammer's next release was the Technicolor thriller **The Terror of the Tongs**, directed by ex-leading man Anthony Bushell from a Jimmy Sangster script. This atmospheric film features Geoffrey Toone as a captain who is searching for the killers of his daughter. As one might suspect from the film's title, members of one of the infamous Chinese Tongs are the culprits. The leader of the Tong, Chung King, is played by Christopher Lee, whose excellence in this film no doubt had some bearing on producer Harry Alan Towers' decision to cast Lee as Sax Rohmer's oriental master-criminal Fu Manchui in a series of films beginning in 1965.

**The Terror of the Tongs** contained no real elements of fantasy or the supernatural. Instead, like **The Stranglers of Bombay**, it horrifies by its depiction of violence and torture. A Hammer thriller of another sort entirely was released in the USA in 1961 by Columbia, although it did not appear in England until 1963. Directed by Quenton Lawrence, **Cash On Demand** was adapted by David T. Chantler and Lewis Greifer from Jacques Gillies' TV play "The Gold Inside". In the film, Peter Cushing plays Fordyce, a bank manager forced to give the bank's money to a criminal named Hepburn (Andre Morell). No violence appears in the film, although Hepburn's threats are sufficiently horrifying. Appearing at the bank, he informs



*Above: Taste of Fear, a 1961 Hammer thriller, starred Susan Strasberg and Christopher Lee. Below: Flanked by first rate screen villains Milton Reed and the late Roger Delgado, Christopher Lee as the sinister Chung-King in Terror of the Tongs.*

Fordyce that he has kidnapped the banker's wife and attached electrodes to her head. If Fordyce refuses to turn over all of the cash in the bank, his wife will be electrocuted, and thus afflicted with permanent brain damage! In the end, the film turns out to be a modern reworking of Charles

Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*, with Scrooge-like Fordyce learning the meaning of the Christmas spirit by undergoing a terrible ordeal. It is only through his horrible experience that he learns to appreciate the people who work under him, after despising and distrusting them to the extent that he had suspected two of his loyal tellers of conspiracy to embezzle bank funds. All in all, **Cash On Demand** was a modest film which succeeded on its own level.

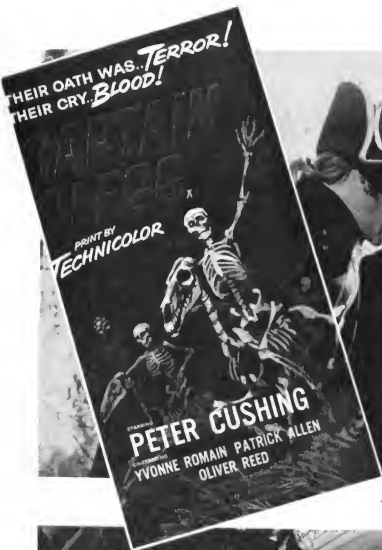
1962 saw the release of only three Hammer films in England, but the first was a major production. In collaboration with Universal Pictures, Hammer offered their version of Gaston Leroux' **The Phantom of the Opera**. This was Universal's third filming of the title. The first, and closest to the novel, is best-remembered as a personal triumph for Lon Chaney, whose acting and self-applied makeup were brilliant (it also seems that Chaney directed the sequences in which he appeared). In 1943, eighteen years after Chaney's silent version, Universal cast Claude Rains in the title role of their Technicolor remake (the original version contained one colour sequence), which unfortunately concentrated more on the opera (and the singing abilities of Susanna Foster and Nelson Eddy) than on the Phantom. While it retained the setting and two most famous sequences from the





**Phantom of the Opera**; a pre-production sketch the poster and an imposing shot of the masked star. To see Lom unmasked you'll have to wait for our upcoming adaptation!





Above, below and right: Scenes from Hammer's 1962 release of *Captain Clegg*/Night Creatures.



Chaney film (the falling chandelier and the unmasking of the Phantom), the 1943 version was basically an original story, drawing very little from the Leroux novel. The Phantom, originally a criminal madman who escaped from Devil's Island, became a meek musician who wound up hideously scarred by acid after attacking a music publisher who had stolen the musician's concerto.

The Hammer screenplay, written by John Elder (Anthony Hinds, who also produced the film), was essentially a remake of the 1943 film, rather than a new adaptation of the novel. And, under Terence Fisher's direction, the Phantom was revealed as a more sympathetic character than ever before—but only after a fair share of atrocities, in the form of grisly murders, established the opera ghost as a monster to be feared (it develops that these killings were done, not by the Phantom, but by his henchman, a mysterious dwarf played by Ian Wilson). Even the chandelier and unmasking sequences were altered drastically. In earlier versions, the Phantom caused the chandelier to fall, murdering members of the opera house audience. This time, the chandelier drops by accident, and the Phantom leaps to his death in order to save his beloved Christine (Heather Sears) from being crushed as she sings onstage. It is at this moment that we see the Phantom's acid-scarred face, as he rips



away his concealing mask for a better view of the leap he is about to make. There is an unmasking sequence shortly before the chandelier scene, but it is unique in two ways. The Phantom is unmasked, not by Christine (as in the earlier versions), but by the evil Lord D'Arcy (Michael Gough), the man responsible for the Phantom's disfigurement. But the audience does not actually see the Phantom's face—only the back of his head! In this way the audience is prevented from experiencing any identification with D'Arcy, and so the film's real villain must face the horror, which he has caused, all by himself. If the audience had been shown the Phantom's face at the same time as it was revealed to D'Arcy, both the viewer and the villain would have shared a common reaction of repulsion, and there would have been less emphasis on D'Arcy's responsibility.

The *Phantom of the Opera* must ultimately be regarded as a failure, if a noble one. Universal obviously felt that they had latched onto a surefire box-office hit. Hammer had already established the value of handsomely-mounted colour remakes of classic horror myths, and *Phantom* had the advantage of never having been associated with any series of films. The Phantom never had a cinematic son, daughter, return, house, revenge, or meeting with Abbott and Costello. Hammer horror was big business—*The Phantom of the Opera* could have added dignity, or at least critical respectability, to Hammer and thus broadened the appeal (and marketability) of Hammer Films. In trying

to please everyone, Hammer instead disappointed many.

Christopher Lee, the obvious choice for the title role, was absent, and the Phantom was instead portrayed—quite ably, as it turned out—by Herbert Lom, fresh from his performance as Captain Nemo in Columbia's *Mysterious Island*. The only colour Hammer horror film before *Phantom*

which did not include either Lee or Peter Cushing in its cast was *The Curse of the Werewolf*, which had been a box-office failure by Hammer standards. More importantly, the hurrific content of *The Phantom of the Opera* was slight. In an effort to attain acceptability, Hammer cut down the number of visual shocks, thus eliminating a major attraction for many moviegoers. And, while some critics praised the film's respectability, others attacked its relative blandness in general and its mild-mannered "monster" in particular.

Co-billed with *Phantom* in many situations was *Captain Clegg* (USA title: *Night Creatures*), inspired by the exploits of Russell Thorndyke's *Dr. Syn*, the smuggling vicar of Dymchurch. Oddly, John Elder's script contained more elements of pure "Hammer horror" than were found in *The Phantom of the Opera*. Despite the absence of the supernatural, *Captain Clegg* offered skeleton-costumed men and horses as well as a huge, menacing mulatto as stand-ins for real monsters, along with violence aplenty. Peter Graham Scott directed a particularly effective cast including Oliver Reed, Yvonne Romain, and Michael Ripper. However, the film's strongest point was the performance of Peter Cushing in the title role. Whether as the ruthless pirate captain commanding a gang of smugglers, or in disguise as the meek clergyman Dr. Bliss tending to the spiritual needs of his congregation, Cushing was both convincing and fascinating.

*Captain Clegg* was followed by a number of violent swashbucklers, the first—and most violent—being the Columbia release *The Pirates of Blood River*, directed by John Gilling, who scripted with John



A disappointing follow-up to Hammer's excellent *Taste of Fear*, the 1963 released *Maniac*, starring Kirwin (Sinbad) Mathews.



Above: Upon seeing the *Phantom of the Opera* (Herbert Lom), Christine (Heather Sears) faints from shock.

Hunter from a story by Jimmy Sangster. The film deals with a morally corrupt Puritan community presided over by Andrew Keir. Keir's son, Kerwin Mathews, is condemned by his own father to a labour camp for loving a girl of whom Keir disapproved. Escaping the camp, Mathews falls into the hands of a gang of pirates led by Christopher Lee. The pirates force Mathews to lead them to his community, where they seek a legendary treasure. The remainder of the film concerns the community's battle against the pirates, with man-eating piranha fish, infighting between the pirates, and various tortures enlivening the proceedings until Lee ends up impaled against a tree by a sword. The supporting cast included Oliver Reed and Michael Ripper among the pirates and Glenn Corbett as a friend of Mathews.

Hammer's next release, the first of 1963, also starred Kerwin Mathews, who virtually chain-smoked his way through the film's winding plot until the final twist and fiery climax. *Maniac* was written and produced by Jimmy Sangster, with Michael Carreras holding the directorial reins. Wilkie Cooper, known in fantasy fandom for his cinematography on Ray Harryhausen's finest colour epics, handled the film's black-and-white photography with his customary skill.

When released in America, *Maniac* was double-billed with *The Old Dark House*, a Hammer Film not released in England until three years later. When finally released in England, the film was in colour; America had received it in monochrome. In any case, *The Old Dark House* is one of Hammer's more unusual remakes, if far

from the best. American producer-director William Castle, who had begun chilling audiences in the 1950s with such films as

*Macabre*, *House on Haunted Hill*, and *The Tingler*, came to England—and Hammer—to do a horror comedy. Castle's previous film, *Zotz!*, had been a fantasy comedy starring comedian Tom Poston. Poston was recruited for *The Old Dark House*, which Castle directed and co-produced with Anthony Hinds. The film's title came from James Whale's 1932 film based on J. B. Priestley's novel *Benighted*, which was also the nominal source of Robert Dillon's screenplay for the Castle version.

Despite the re-use of the title, Castle's film has little except some character names in common with the first *Old Dark House*. Whale's film was filled with humour, which observed the eccentric behaviour of its characters with dry wit and a touch of satire. Castle's film stands as a definition of the term "middlebrow humour": "low-brow humour" would apply to the comedy of a team such as *The Three Stooges*. Despite this, the film demonstrates the usual Hammer production values, and contains at least one effective shock moment involving a pair of knitting-needles.

Another unusual collaboration between Hammer and Columbia was *The Damned*, released in England in 1963 and in America (minus ten minutes and under the title *These Are the Damned*) in 1965. The film, based on H. L. Lawrence's novel *The*



Above and facing page: Two scenes from Hammer's *Old Dark House*, featuring Tam Penderel and Fenella Fielding (this page) and Joyce Grenfell (about to be attacked by two orcs—her left) on the facing page.



*Children of Light*, was written by Evan Jones and directed by the controversial Joseph Losey. Losey had fled his native America during the infamous communist "witch-hunts" spearheaded by Senator Joseph McCarthy during the 1950s. He first worked for Hammer as the director of *A Man On the Beach*, a weird half-hour short, in 1956. In *The Damned*, Losey created a bizarre blend of science-fiction and social consciousness. The film offers a bleak vision of the modern world, as well as an even more pessimistic view of the future. The film's science-fiction elements concern a group of scientists who are conducting radiation - immunity experiments with an isolated group of children. These children are paralleled with a vicious gang of Bike Boys. The motorcycle gang members are seen as the offspring of



modern society, while the radioactive children represent society's attempt to determine its own future. But, given the quirks and perversities of human nature as depicted in the film, Losey suggests that technological projections of life in the future cannot possibly conceive of what reality will be for future generations. Man must deal with his world as it is before he can anticipate what is to come.

Whatever messages may be seen in *The Damned*, they are conveyed, not through broad generalisations, but rather through the intensely depicted experiences of specific characters. From a cast including Macdonald Carey, Shirley Ann Field, and Alexander Knox, the performances of Viveca Lindfors and Oliver Reed emerge as personal triumphs perfectly keyed to the tone of Losey's overall composition.

#### The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll (Rel: 1960) (USA: House of Wright)

Paul Massey (as Dr. Jekyll/Mr. Hyde), Dawn Addams (Kitty Jay), Christopher Lee (Paul Allen), David Kosoff (Liztrevor), Francis De Wolff (Inspector).

Dir: Terence Fisher, Sc: Wolf Mankowitz from the novel *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* by Robert Louis Stevenson. Ph: Jack Asher. Art Dir: Bernard Robinson. Ed: Jim Needs and Eric Boyd-Perkins. Mus: Tony Barmen and David Heneker. Assoc Prod: Anthony Nelson-Keyes. Prod: Michael Carreras. Dis: Columbia (Britain), American International (USA). Time: 88 mins.

Hammer's version of this classic story called for an ageing Dr. Jekyll and a young handsome Mr. Hyde, in a twist on the earlier Frederic March and Spencer Tracy Jekyll and Hyde movies.

#### Sword of Sherwood Forest (Rel: 1960)

Richard Greene (as Robin Hood), Peter Cushing (Sheriff of Nottingham), Richard Pasco (Earl of Newbury), Neil MacGinnis (Friar Tuck), Jack Gwillim (Hubert Walter, Archbishop of Canterbury), Brian Branch (Maid Marian), Nigel Green (Little John), Oliver Reed (Melford).

Dir: Terence Fisher, Sc: Alan Mackay. Ph: Ken Hodges. Art Dir: John Stoll. Ed: James Needs and Lew Dalg. Mus: Alun Hoddinott. Exec Prod: Michael Carreras. Prod: Richard Greene and Sidney Cole. Dis: Columbia. Time: 90 mins.

Hammer brings TV's Robin Hood, Richard Greene, to the big screen in colour.

#### Vias to Canton (Rel: 1961)

(USA: Passport to China)

Michael Bessahut (as Don Benton), Les Gonsky (Lola Sanchez), Aileen Sayer (Mao Tai Tai), Eric Pohlman (Jean Kang), Alan Gillord (Orma), Bernard Cribbins (Pervine), Burt Kwouk (Jimmy), Merna Melind (Han Po).

Dir: Michael Carreras, Sc: Gordon Wellesley, Ph: Arthur Grant, Art Dir: Bernard Robinson and Thomas Gossnell. Assoc Prod: Anthony Nelson-Keyes, Prod: Michael Carreras. Dis: Columbia. Time: 76 mins.

Cold War thriller concerning the smuggling of refugees out of Communist China.

#### The Full Treatment (1961)

(USA: Stop Me Before I Kill II)

Claude Dauphin (as David Prede), Diane Cilento (Denise Cole), Ronald Lewis (Alan Cole), Francis Rossy (Thomas Prede), Bernard Braden (Stonewall Hurvitz), John Gualski (Connie).

Dir: Val Guest, Sc: Val Guest and Ronald Scott Thorn. Prod from the novel by Ronald Scott Thorn. Ph: Gilbert Taylor. Art Dir: Tony Masters, Ed: Billy Nunn, Mus: Stanley Kubrick. Assoc Prod: Philip Lyndon, Prod: Val Guest. Dis: Columbia. Time: 109 mins.

Drama in which the marriage of a mentally-ill man (Ronald Lewis) is endangered by both his condition and his psychiatrist.

#### A Weekend with Lulu (Rel: 1961)

Bob Monkhouse (as Fred), Leslie Phillips (Tom), Aileen Marks (Comte de Granoble), Shirley Eaton (Dolida), Irene Handl (Theresa Froude), Sidney James (Cafe Patron), Kenneth Connor (British Tourist).

Dir: John Paddy Carstairs, Sc: Ted Lloyd from a story by Ted Lloyd and Valentina Ph: Ken Hodges, Art Dir: John Trevor H. Stenford, Ed: James Needs, Prod: Michael Carreras. Prod: Ted Lloyd. Dis: Columbia. Time: 89 mins.

Low-budget comedy film, designed purely for a domestic market.

#### Taste of Fear (Rel: 1961)

(USA: Screen of Fear)

Steve Streeb (as Dr. Henry Appleby), Ronald Lewis (Bob), Ann Todd (Jane Appleby), Christopher Lee (Dr. Gerard), with Leonard Scales, Anne Blaz, John Serret, Fred Johnson, John Holt, Keith Wolf, Sc: Jimmy Sangster, Ph: Douglas Gossnell, Ed: James Needs and Eric Boyd-Perkins. Mus: John F. Parker. Exec Prod: Michael Carreras, Prod: Jimmy Sangster. Dis: Columbia. Time: 82 mins.

## Hammer Film Productions 1960 - 1963

### KEY

Key to abbreviations used in this filmography

Rel. Year in which film was released

Dir: Film directed by

Sc: Screenplay written by

Ph: Film photographed by

Art Dir: Art direction by

Ed: Edited by

Mus: Music composed by

Assoc Prod: Executive producer

Prod: Producer

Dis: Distributed by

Despite the clichéd plot of a family attempting to drive a young girl insane, *Testa of Fear* was a beautifully-executed psychological thriller.

#### Watch It Sailer! (Rel: 1961)

Dennis Price (as Lt. Cmdr. Hardcastle), Liz Fraser (Daphna), Irene Handl (Edie Hammett), Graham Stark (Carnoustie Bligh), Vera Dray (Shirley Hammett).

Dir: Wolf Rilla, Sc: Faldred Cary and Philip King from their stage play, Ph: Arthur Grant, Art Dir: Bernard Robinson and Don Mingaye, Ed: James Needs and Alfred Cox, Mus: Douglas Garmy, Assoc Prod: Anthony Nelson-Keyes, Exec Prod: Michael Carreras, Dis: Columbia (Britain through BLCI). Time: 81 mins.

Another of Hammer's low-budget, domestic-release comedy films.

#### The Terror of the Tongue (Rel: 1961)

Geoffrey Toone (as Jackson), Christopher Lee (Chung-King), Yvonne Monlux (Lia), Brian Worth (Harcourt), Richard Leach (Inspector Dean).

Dir: Anthony Bushell, Sc: Jimmy Sangster, Ph: Arthur Grant, Art Dir: Bernard Robinson and Thomas Gossnell, Ed: Jim Needs and Eric Boyd-Perkins, Mus: James Bernard, Assoc Prod: Anthony Nelson-Keyes, Exec Prod: Michael Carreras, Prod: Kenneth Hyman. Dis: Columbia (Britain through BLCI). Time: 79 mins.

Christopher Lee's success in this film as Chung King, leader of the Tong, led to his being cast as Fu Manchu in a series of movies in the mid-1960s.

#### Cash on Demand (Rel: 1961 in USA, 1963 in Britain)

Peter Cushing (as Fordyce), Andre Morell (Hapburn), Richard Vernon (Pearson), Betty Lowe (Harvill), Norman Bird (Sanderson).

Dir: Quentin Lawrence, Sc: David T. Chentler and Lewis Greller from the TV play *The Gold Inside* by Jacques Gille, Ph: Arthur Grant, Art Dir: Donald Mingaye, Ed: James Needs, Mus: Wilfred Josephs, Prod: Michael Carreras. Dis: Columbia (Britain through BLCI). Time: 61 mins.

Criminal, Hapburn, holds wife of bank manager, Fordyce, as hostage forcing Fordyce to hand over large sum of money from the bank to ensure his wife's freedom.

#### The Phantom of the Opera (Rel: 1962)

Herbert Lom (as The Phantom), Edward de Souza (Harry

Hunter), Heather Sears (Christine Delfosse), Michael Gough (Lord Ambrose d'Arcy), Thelma Welfles (Letitia), Ian Wilson (Dwight).

Dir: Terence Fisher, Sc: John Elder (Anthony Hinds) from story by Gail Lennox, Ph: Arthur Grant, Art Dir: Bernard Robinson and Don Mingaye, Ed: James Needs and Alfred Cox, Mus: Edwin Artye, Assoc Prod: Basil Keyes and Anthony Hinds, Dis: Universal (Britain through Rank). Time: 84 mins.

Essentially a remake of the 1943 Universal/Claude Rains version of this classic tale.

#### Captain Clegg (Rel: 1962)

(USA: The Night Catcher)

Peter Cushing (as Dr. Biffalaps Captain Clegg), Patrick Allen (Captain Collier), Oliver Reed (Henry), Michael Roper (Mapp), Derek Francis (Squire).

Dir: Peter Graham Scott, Sc: John Elder (Anthony Hinds) with additional dialogue by Barbara B. Harper, Ph: Arthur Grant, Art Dir: Bernard Robinson and Don Mingaye, Ed: James Needs and Eric Boyd-Perkins, Mus: Don Banks, Prod: John Temple-Smith, Dis: Universal (Britain through Rank). Time: 82 mins.

A story about smuggling, set in the Romney Marshes. The pirate, Captain Clegg, and his band of men, the "Marsh Men", are even described as capable of lightening the superstitious locals to death.

#### The Pirates of Blood River (Rel: 1962)

Karwin Mathews (Jonathan Standish), Glenn Corbett (Henry), Christopher Lee (La Roche), Marie Landi (Bess), Peter Reed (Broccino), Andrew Kay (Jason Standish), Peter Ann (Henche).

Dir: John Gilling and John Hunter from a story by Jimmy Sangster, Ph: Arthur Grant, Art Dir: Bernard Robinson and Donald Mingaye, Ed: James Needs and Eric Boyd-Perkins, Exec Prod: Michael Carreras, Prod: Anthony Nelson-Keyes, Dis: Columbia (Britain through BLCI). Time: 84 mins.

Pirates invade an isolated Puritan community searching for a legendary treasure trove.

#### Maniac (Rel: 1963)

Kerwin Mathews (as Prof. Farrell), Neddie Gray (Eve), Donald Houston (George), Lilian Brouse (Annette).

Dir: Michael Carreras, Sc: Jimmy Sangster, Ph: Wilkie Carrington, Prod: James Needs and Donald Mingaye, and Tom Simpson, Prod: Jimmy Sangster. Dis: Columbia (Britain through BLCI). Time: 86 mins.

Robotic and commercially-disappointing psychological thriller.

#### The Old Dark House (Rel: 1963 in USA, 1965 in Britain)

Tom Poston (as Tom Pandere), Robert Morley (Redefer Fennell), Janette Scott (Cecily Fennell), Joyce Grenfell (Agnese Fennell), Marjorie Hume (Polina Fennell), Peter Bull (Casper Jasper), Pamela Fielding (Margaret Fennell), Danny Green (Morgan Fennell).

Dir: William Castle, Sc: Robert Dillon from the novel "Benighted" by J.B. Priestly, Ph: Arthur Grant, Prod: Bernard Robinson, Ed: James Needs, Mus: Benjamin Frankel, Assoc Prod: Peter Bone, Prod: William Castle and Anthony Hinds. Dis: Columbia (Britain through BLCI). Time: 77 mins (Britain), 80 mins (USA).

This rare remake of the 1932 Whistler classic contained such a strange blend of comedy and shock that it wasn't released in Britain until three years after it was made.

#### The Damned (Rel: 1963 in Britain, 1965 in USA)

(USA: These Are the Damned)

Macdonald Carey (as Simon Waller), Shirley Ann Field (Joan), Viveca Lindfors (Fraye Nelsson), Alexander Knox (Remard), Oliver Reed (King).

Dir: Terence Fisher, Sc: E. Van Jones from the novel "The Children of Light" by H. L. Lawrence, Ph: Arthur Grant, Prod: Bernard Robinson, Art Dir: Don Mingaye, Ed: James Needs and Reginald Mills, Ed: James Bernard, Assoc Prod: Anthony Nelson-Keyes, Exec Prod: Michael Carreras, Prod: Anthony Hinds, Dis: Columbia (Britain through BLCI). Time: 82 mins.

Chilling story of a group of children reared in an eremitic, radioactive world to enable them to survive after an atomic war.

# FLASHBACK

Ten years ago, June 1968. Long before such influential smash hits as *The Exorcist*, *Jaws* or *Star Wars* brought about hordes of films starring possessed children, giant creatures or interstellar epics. Hammer Films produced such winners as *The Devil Rides Out*, *Dracula Has Risen From The Grave* and *Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed*. Stanley Kubrick added the finishing touches to 2001.

So, in our ever-broadening look at the cinematic worlds of fantasy, and as a follow-up series to Denis Gifford's highly acclaimed "Golden Age of Horror" (HoH Volume 1), we proudly present **Flashback**.

Each issue, John Fleming will take us back in time exactly ten years to look at the fantasy films released during that month.

This issue we present . . .



# REVENGE

It is the 17th century. A princess is being tortured. As she screams, a bronze mask is held up to her face. It is lined with sharp spikes. The points are touching her skin. The mask is hammered into her face with a heavy mallet.

So starts Italian director Mario Bava's long-banned *Revenge of the Vampire*, which was released in Britain ten years ago, in June 1968. It had been made in 1960 under the title *La Maschera del Demonio* (The Mask of the Demon) as a co-production with Jolly Films of Rome.

In 1961, it has been released in the US under the title *Black Sunday* (the one day every century when the Devil can rise and roam the Earth). The distributors, American International Pictures (AIP), were known for their low budget horror movies and had just had a big success with Roger Corman's *The Pit and the Pendulum*. So their poster held nothing back: "Hidden deep within us is the touchstone or terror . . . expose it . . . and the paralysis of fright will freeze you with HORROR! — ONCE EVERY 100 YEARS . . . THE UNDEAD DEMONS OF HELL TERRORISE THE WORLD IN AN ORGY OF STARK HORROR!"

This makes the film sound as though it is a cross between *The Exorcist* and *The Sentinel*. Which it is not. *Black Sunday* or *Revenge of the Vampire* is a stylish black-and-white horror. The Hollywood Reporter wrote: "This is the way they used to be made, during the great period of motion picture horror films." The trade paper's one hesitation in recommending the film, though, was that "some shots of the dead are considerably too imaginative for the very young, bordering on necrophilia."

In fact, the American newspaper ads for the film warned: "PLEASE NOTE: The producers of *Black Sunday* recommend that it be seen only by those over 12 years of age" and the US release print opened with a reminder that no-one under 12 should be in the audience. The British Board of Film Censors (BBFC) refused the film a certificate for public screenings, even to adults, for another seven years.

In fact, it could be seen under the strange British censorship system. In Britain, all Local Authorities have the right to pass or ban films although, usually, they let the BBFC exercise these rights for them. The

# REVENGE OF THE VAMPIRE

British Horror Film Club urged its members to "start asking your local cinema manager to screen this film. If he is impressed by the numbers wanting to see this film, he may apply to screen it". If this "grassroots" pressure had worked (which it did not) a Local Authority could have licensed the film to play in its own area, ignoring the unofficial BBFC decision. However, the film was seen in Britain before 1968, at two National Film Theatre screenings for members. (Under British law, private clubs can show unlicensed and uncertificated films.)

**Black Sunday** introduced Barbara Steele to horror movies. She was to become a cult star in a series of Italian shockers, including Michael Reeves' *Revenge of the Blood Beast/The She Beast* (see *HoH* 19). **Black Sunday** was also Mario Bava's first feature film as director, although he had been a lighting cameraman since 1943 and had directed five documentaries and shorts during 1946-1950. (More details of his career in *HoH* 2.)

Barbara Steel is Princess Asa, tortured then killed with the bronze mask. Her lover Javuto suffers the same fate. At their trial for witchcraft, the chief judge is Asa's brother. Just before she dies, she curses his descendants.

A century later, Dr Kruvajan (known in some versions as Dr Choma) and his assistant Andrej Gorobec take a short cut through an eerie wood and find a crumbling, gloomy castle with a legend—the legend of a dying witch's curse. They find the witch's sarcophagus in a ruined chapel and, inside, the witch's body with the mask of bronze still nailed to her face. They remove the mask but Kruvajan cuts himself and some drops of his blood fall into the open coffin.

Kruvajan and Andrej leave; the blood revives the witch. Her flesh and skin, long-since gone, slowly re-form to cover her bones. Her dead eyes, long-since rotted, re-appear, glittering, in their sockets, surfacing (as one critic put it) "like poached eggs" to drive away the insects, centipedes and scorpions which have been scuttling around her dead body. One of AIP's posters super-imposed Barbara Steele's head on a brick wall, with the catch-line: "**STARE INTO THESE EYES. Discover deep within them an unspeakable secret**".

As Kruvajan and Andrej leave, a figure



Above: Katia (Barbara Steele) makes her first eerie appearance to Dr Kruvajan—and the audience—in the haunted woodland, little realising she is soon to be tormented by the curse of her black arts practicing ancestor, Princess Asa (also played by Barbara Steele).



Princess Asa, found guilty of being a witch, suffers a torturous death beneath the multi-spiked mask about to be hammered into her face.

appears in a doorway. The black-robed witch, flanked by two huge dogs. Except it isn't the witch at all. It is her great-granddaughter Katia, one of her cursed descendants. This part is also played by Barbara Steele: a fact which Variety found unimpressive. It commented that she "seems a bit confused as to which of the two characters she is supposed to be at a given moment. She bears a strong resemblance to Jackie Kennedy and manages to be attractive in both parts, which may not have been the original intention."

However, The Motion Picture Herald was impressed with the "classic quality (that) permeates this gruesome, shocking, horrifying story of vengeful, bloodthirsty vampires". And New York's Film Daily believed that "American International Pictures, the company that produces and releases shock pictures that do sock business, has come up with a spine-chilling gasser".

Now the screaming starts. A small girl sees a grave trembling in the local cemetery. A hand emerges, followed by a head wearing a moist, glistening, bronze mask. Javuto's dead figure rises from the grave

and rips the mask off his face. Both the vampire witch and her lover have been re-born after a century of death. Dr Kruvajan is bitten by the witch: "Come to me, kiss me. You will die. But you will know bliss beyond the reach of mortals..." The doctor becomes a vampire.

Katia's father becomes ill from shock after later seeing the witch and, when Dr Kruvajan is called in to treat him, the good doctor drains the old man of his blood. Kruvajan disappears, the father dies, a servant is found hung, another body is found in the river and Andrej is confused. He consults the local priest, who diagnoses rampant vampirism in the area. They go to the local cemetery, where they find Javuto's grave empty and a freshly-dug grave occupied... by Dr. Kruvajan. The priest holds a sharp wooden stake above the doctor's face and drives it through an eyeball, through the skull's socket, into his brain.

Meanwhile, as Katia is tearfully paying her last respects to her dead father, the corpse rises from its coffin with rolling eyeballs. Katia faints. Her vampire-father is just about to drink her blood when he is

interrupted by Javuto, who takes Katia off to her revived vampiric ancestor, the witch. Asa intends to take Katia's place, draining the girl's youth and beauty, leaving Katia the hideous corpse that Asa once was. But she reckons without Andrej and a band of torch-wielding villagers who look like they came straight from Castle Frankenstein.

One commentator called *Black Sunday* "the most original vampire tale since *Dracula*". The trade press was less ecstatic, though grudgingly complimentary, when the film was finally released in Britain. Kinematograph Weekly called *Revenge of the Vampire* "preposterous claptrap, but quite well acted". Daily Cinema said the film was "competently acted, but it is the director's skill at building up suspense which lifts the film out of the rut".

There was no great commercial success in Britain. Partially because it was released by Border, a small distribution company. Perhaps also because *Revenge of the Vampire* played in a double-bill with *Sting of Death*, the story of a half-man, half-jellyfish roaming the Florida swamps: a film which one reviewer called "numbingly bad".

Mario Bava's career has gone slowly downhill over the years since then. He is a second generation film-maker. His father was a sculptor who was asked by Pathe, about 60 years ago, to construct a tomb door for them. Mario has made his own grave. Starting with *Revenge of the Vampire* and continuing with *Black Sabbath* (1963), *Blood and Black Lace* (1964), *Planet of the Vampires* (1965) and *Danger: Diabolik* (1967), he has built a cult following. But he has frittered away his talent on cheap, throwaway films.

He himself admits: "I've shot some incredibly stupid movies. I couldn't refuse them and didn't have the time to re-write them. One of my big faults is that I try too hard to please the producers and then, in the end, they turn against me."

Perhaps for this reason (shame) he has often worked under assumed names: John Foam, John Hold and John M. Old. His only notable recent work was *Low Grade's* TV epic *Moses, The Lawgiver*, on which he was Second Unit Director and special effects arranger. He parted the Red Sea, but even that had to be done cut-price.

### Revenge of the Vampire (1960)

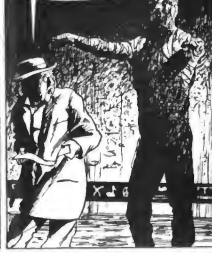
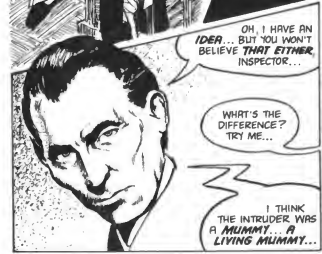
Barbara Steel (as Katia/Asa), John Richardson (Andrej), Andrea Checchi (Dr. Kruvajan), Arturo Dominici (Javuto).

Directed by Mario Bava. Screenplay by Ennio De Concini, Mario Bava, Marcello Coscia and Mario Serandrei from the novel *The Viji* by Nikolai Gogol. Photographed by Ubaldo Terzano and Mario Bava. Music by Roberto Bicolosi. Produced by Massimo De Rita. Distributed by American International Pictures US: 1961.

Time: 88 mins.

# THE MUMMY

## Part Two





"MY FATHER COLLAPSED, AND NEVER RECOVERED, SO AFTER THAT I'M ONLY GUESSING... BUT WE DID SEE SOMEONE RUN INTO THE TOMB..."

BACK! IM KARNAK NOTAS! BACK!

"WE FORGOT HIM IN THE CHAOS THAT FOLLOWED... BUT HE MUST HAVE STOLEN THE SCROLL... AND THEN EVENTUALLY DUG THE MUMMY OUT OF THE SEALED OFF TOMB..."

YOU'RE RIGHT, I **DON'T** BELIEVE IT! YOU'RE TRYING TO TELL ME TWO MURDERS WERE COMMITTED BY A **DEAD MAN**...?

YOU ASKED IF I HAD ANY IDEAS...

IDEAS ABOUT **FACTS**, NOT **FANTASIES**. DON'T LEAVE WHILE I'M MAKING MY INQUIRIES...

BUT THE ANSWERS MULDOONEY GETS PROVE ALMOST AS BAFFLING AS BANNING'S THEORIES...

A BIG **BOX**... BIGGER'N A MAN... FELL IN THE **BOB**...

**EGYPTIAN RELICS**, I'M TOLD, SIR... WE NEVER GOT THEM BACK... THE **BOB'S** BOTTOMLESS THERE...

HUGE, HE WAS... TEN FEET... NO **EIGHT FEET TALL**... AN' ALL **WRAPPED UP**...

MEANWHILE, THE ANANKA FOLIO CONTINUES TO HOLD JOHN BANNING'S ATTENTION...

JOHN! I RUSHED OVER AS SOON AS I HEARD... HOW **TERRIBLE**...

**ISOBEL**... GOOD LORD!

I NEVER REALISED BEFORE... BUT WITH YOUR HAIR DOWN, YOU LOOK **JUST LIKE PRINCESS ANANKA**...

BUT ALL THROUGH THE DAY, BANNING REFUSES TO TELL ISOBEL ANYTHING...

DON'T STAY HERE, JOHN... THE MURDERER COULD COME BACK...

AND, DEEP IN THOUGHT, ISOBEL HARDLY NOTICES THE STRANGER APPROACHING ALONG THE SAME ROAD...

POOR JOHN... I WONDER WHAT HE TOLD THE POLICE... AND WHY THEY DON'T BELIEVE HIM...

BUT THEN...

THE MURDERER COULD BE **ANYONE**... EVEN THAT MAN I JUST PASSED ON THE ROAD! I'D BETTER GO BACK...



I'M FLATTERED... BUT THE MURDERS... JOHN! **WHAT ABOUT THE MURDERS?**



I **HAVE** TO STAY, ISOBEL... IF HE DOES RETURN, IT'LL BE OUR ONE CHANCE OF CATCHING HIM... GO HOME NOW...



BUT ISOBEL MAY ALREADY BE TOO LATE.

SO TIRED... WHAT?  
WHAT'S THAT?



BUT HOW DO  
YOU KILL A  
DEAD MAN?



GET BACK...  
GET BACK!

AND, TO THEIR AMAZEMENT, THE MUMMY TURNS  
AWAY...



JOHN! ARE YOU  
ALRIGHT?

IT IS KHARIS... ON HIS FINAL MISSION OF  
VENGEANCE!



THE GUN...  
IT'S GOT TO  
WORK THIS TIME...

BUT THEN,  
WHEN ALL  
SEEMS OVER  
FOR JOHN  
BANNING...

NO!  
STOP IT!



YET HE WHO HAS NO TONGUE CANNOT EXPLAIN  
WHAT HAS HAPPENED, AND NEXT DAY...

OUR TASK IS FINISHED, KHARIS. WHEREAS,  
AND BOTH THE BANNINGS! ALL THE  
DESECRATORS  
ARE DEAD...



WHA...  
THE DOOR!  
GLICKLY...  
GET OUT OF  
SIGHT...



AND FOR A MOMENT, THERE IS A  
SPARK IN THOSE LONG-DEAD EYES...  
A SPARK OF RECOGNITION...

LEAVE HIM  
ALONE!



MR BANNING! THIS IS A  
SURPRISE... ANOTHER  
SOCIAL CALL?



RIGHT... I  
WAS INTRIGUED  
BY SOME OF YOUR  
CURIOS, MR BEY...

DO COME IN...



YET BEY MASKS HIS SURPRISE WELL ENOUGH...



BUT OUTSIDE WAITS INSPECTOR MULROONEY, SOMEWHAT LESS SCEPTICAL THAN BEFORE...



BUT THIS MUMMY  
THING...



AND SO, THAT NIGHT...

IT'S TOO DANGEROUS,  
JOHN... YOU CAN'T SIT  
IN HERE AND WAIT  
FOR THIS THING  
ON YOUR OWN...



AND, AT THE SAME MOMENT...



AND...

BLIMEY, IT'S 'IM!  
FIRE A SHOT, THE  
INSPECTOR SAID...  
TO LET THE  
OTHERS KNOW  
HE'S COMING...

BUT THERE WILL BE NO SIGNAL...



NEARER THE HOUSE...

I'M WORRIED, INSPECTOR...  
IT'S BEEN TOO LONG...

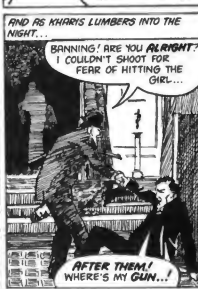


BUT THE INTRUDERS HAVE ALREADY PASSED  
MULROONEY'S DEFENCES...





AND AFTER 4,000 YEARS, NO ONE IS  
GOING TO TAKE HER AWAY AGAIN...





# POST MORTEM

Top Sellers Ltd., Columbia-Warner House, 135-141 Wardour Street, London W1V 4QA, England.

Your comic strip in **HoH 18** was very weak. The art was bad (except for the Werewolf) and there was too much dialogue, which made it very boring. The three stories did not blend very well at all...

As for suggestions, I'm sure many people have asked for a poster as a centrepiece. Why not print them separately and have a new one advertised every month in the *Holy Bergin Basement*. This would mean that you could cater for the readers that want posters without having to raise the cover price.

J. Leffman,  
Bristol.

HoH

Although I am not a great one for writing letters, I had to let you know what I thought about the story by American artists, Neal Adams and Dick Giordano: to be honest, I didn't like it very much.

In reply to your question in the editorial of **HoH 18**, I think you should stick to British talent. Although the artwork by Adams and Giordano was very good, it reminded me of the kind of drawings that appear in the *Murder* comics. I just do not think that it blended into the magazine at all.

Please do not put *Frankenstein*, *Dracula* and the *Werewolf* into the same story again. After all, we all know what happened to the Universal Monsters, don't we?

David Emmas,  
Pinner.

HoH

Congratulations on your magazine with its interesting blend of comic strip adaptations of Hammer movies and information on the whole genre.

However I must say that I feel the move towards a straight horror comic story as shown in **HoH 18** to be a great mistake. If the magazine is to continue with these tales then I'm sure that it will lose a sense of uniqueness which the comic strip adaptations give. People do not buy **HoH** because it is just another horror comic filled with horror comic strips which, irrespective of their quality, have nothing to do with Hammer films, or those of any other company for that matter. In short, you will lose any connection the comic part of the magazine has had with horror movies.

Finally, may I thank you for the horror mini-posters on the back cover of the magazine. I have all mine framed and I can assure you they make excellent wall decorations.

Mercus Corneb,  
Norfolk.

HoH

What has happened to Denis Gifford's *Golden Age of Horror* and Tisa Vahimagi's *Fan Scene on Collecting*? These features have been missing from your pages too long.

David Morgan,  
Durham.

We deliberately finished Denis's *Golden Age of Horror* series back in issue 12, when it reached a natural conclusion. Had we continued to run it every issue, we'd be into the 1950s movies by now, and they hardly represented the "Golden Age". Our collecting series finished for the same reason—we'd just about covered all aspects of movie memorabilia short of bubble gum cards!

On the subject of *Shandor*, after the *Dracula-Werewolf-Frankenstein* strip, we intend to keep our demon

stalking monk within the limits of Hammer films. As you can see this issue, we've included him in the previously unresolved *Twins of Evil* situation. As a reader once wrote, the real villains of *Twins* were not the vampires, but rather the fanatical puritan brotherhood, who in their *Witchfinder General* fashion, would put to the whip or stake anyone who didn't live by their code... anyone who didn't fit. While we don't intend any *Universal-style* "Hammer Team-Up" situations, we feel *Shandor* can be used to link up the various movies that Hammer have produced, establishing exactly where and when they took place, thus strengthening the whole Hammer mythos, and resolving any loose ends.

HoH

I was a little disappointed at **HoH 18** because it contained too much comic strip.

My children (I'm 11) can buy comics of this sort—often in colour—and I'm sure other people of my age would prefer photos and stories of the films they can't see to comic strips. Also, there are other stars apart from Karloff, Cushing and Lee—how about *Dr Who* monsters and other TV baddies.

Tony Sammie,  
Birmingham.

HoH

I am writing not just to compliment you on your great magazine but also to make a few suggestions.

I started to buy **HoH** from issue 4 and from there it has got better and better.

I would like to see a feature on *Seasnahe* (1973) and also one on *Frogs* (1971). I saw the latter on television some time ago and I thought it was quite an effective little chiller.

When we are going to see an adaptation of *The Vampire Lover* or *Countess Dracula*? I have seen both these films and I think they would make very good comic strips.

Please let's have more *Van Helsing Terror Tales* and less boring stuff like the *Golden Age of Horror*. I'd also like to see more features about the anthology films (*Tales from the Crypt*, *Torture Garden* and *Asylum*). And finally, could we see a feature on the more recent *Jaws* cash-ins such as *Grizzly* and *Tentacles*?

Alan Avery,  
Middlesex.

HoH

Just a few comments on **HoH 18** which I have just read. Firstly, the cover: I didn't particularly like this one. With the very good Peter Cushing interview in mind, a cover along the lines of issue 3 would have been more appropriate.

The opening story, *Frankenstein, Werewolf and Dracula* was too long and runs the risk of falling into the old *Universal* way of doing things (ram as many monsters as you can into one story). Please keep to your own contributors in **HoH**, there are plenty of colour comics for the comic writers and artists.

All the other articles were up to the usual high standard, although I thought that the *History of Hammer* was a couple of pages too long.

I think **HoH** has made it for several reasons. It treats its readers like sensible human beings: it doesn't go goody-eyed and overboard over particular films; it is quite prepared to show what is obviously a cash-in or a rip-off for what it is; it avoids excessive sarcasm (which can spoil so many good articles); it's British!

Now would be a good time to start planning the **HoH** Yearbook which could be filled with articles on the past year's films and actors, directors, writers etc. You could also list what to look forward to/avoid in the coming year.

Alistair Carson,  
Castle Douglas,  
Scotland.

HoH

There are two things which are wrong with **HoH**: the *Van Helsing's Terror Tales* are too short and the main comic strip adaptations should not be split up into two parts. Apart from that, keep up the good work.

Matthew Clarke,  
Durham.

HoH

I have always enjoyed your magazines and found them of high standard, until now.

I got quite a shock on receiving **HoH 18** as it was so different from the usual. The Peter Cushing interview and *The History of Hammer* features were both very good. The *Communion* and *Daap Red* reviews were excellent (if rather short) but these were all let down by the appalling *Dracula-Werewolf-Frankenstein* story, which helped make **HoH 18** the worst issue I have yet bought. You asked if you should stick to British talent and I say most definitely yes! I think the magazine does so well because it appears so very British.

The *Van Helsing Terror Tale* was also bad (almost as disgusting as "Food for Thought" in **HoH 9** which I found really sick).

The cover was rather poor. I have felt for some time that *Brian Lewis* should be dropped from doing the cover (issues 9 and 11 were terrible) but after seeing Bill Phillips effort, come back *Brian, all is forgiven!* Maybe printing the original film posters on the front instead of the back would be a nice change (the *Vampire Circus* poster would have made a brilliant cover). Many of your covers look like they belong on children's comics: issue 9 for instance. I bought this thinking it was *Mad* magazine.

I have always felt that being a "Hammer" magazine would limit your content, so I hope that changing the title will give the magazine more scope. But don't drop "Hammer" altogether as it gives a certain freshness.

I think your best artists are Goudeni, Lewis, Neary, Gallego, Gibbons, Goring and, of course, John Bolton. Bolton's *Dracula-Prince of Darkness* and *Father Shandor* stories were brilliant, but please keep his stories set in the present as his *One Million Years BC* adaptation was awful and really ruined the film for me. And please, not so many *Cuyas* tales—his style of work gives me a headache.

Please could you publish interviews with the two queens of horror, Barbara Shelley and Ingrid Pitt?

Thank you for an excellent publication but don't change the strips again! No more unimaginative work from Adams and Giordano.

Paul Argent,  
Merseyside.

H'm. As I so often state in the editorial, we occasionally try an experiment in **HoH** in hope of improving the magazine. And it seems our "homage to Universal" strip in issue 18 was one of those experiments that didn't come off. Your general reaction was about 75% flippant on the artwork, and very strongly against the concept & script. Ah well, you win some...

# WARLORDS OF THE DEEP

In answer to countless requests on how a fantasy film is made, last issue we took you behind the scenes on the making of the new John Dark/Kevin Connor film, **Warlords of the Deep** (originally titled *7 Cities to Atlantis*).

We looked at how the original idea was put together, the scripting, the storyboards, and how the actors were selected.

This month, we move on to the completion of the film, through the actual shooting, the special effects, the dubbing and the music.

Feature by Catherine O'Brien and Tony Crawley.

Shooting began on September 5, 1977. With mundane but vital camera-filter tests on the special effects—octopus, a zaarg monster and the golden statue (the key to this underwater rock bubble) on Pinewood's underwater set—everything at 1/24th scale model size.

Monsters are the very stuff of any fantasy film. They are also a nuisance, taking the most time to shoot—and/or work. Ask Dino de Laurentiis . . . Which means on **Warlords of the Deep** that Roger Dicken's model work had to be finished first, in order to go before the cameras first. Monsters are Roger's business.

And all because of the day he saw Boris Karloff in **Frankenstein**, after slipping by the adults-only box-office as a fresh-faced kid in a trilby hat, deep voice and cigarette in his mouth. "It worked! I got in and that film made a permanent impression on me, moulded my career into what it has become today. From that day on, I wouldn't rest until I created my own movie monsters."

It took time. It always does. But he managed it, gaining a terrific pedigree after working with Gerry Anderson, Stanley Kubrick, Michael Reeves, Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee, Vincent Price . . . and finally sharing an Oscar nomination with Jim Danforth for their work on Hammer's **When Dinosaurs Ruled The Earth**. "We were pipped at the post by Disney's **Bedknobs and Broomsticks**, which was made with an immeasurably greater budget. No matter, that was one of the biggest landmarks of my life. Jim and I hit it off right from the start. I made the models and he did the animation . . ."

At Pinewood, Roger Dicken continued ruling the special effects roost on **Warlords** for the next 23 days, busy with his octopus (the real star of this show), the horrendous Zaargs and Mogdaan mutations attacking the lower cities, and mixing it all up with dry ice mist effects and explosions galore.

It was September 12 before any actor showed up on the film—and then Peter Gilmore only popped his head in; literally. A plaster cast of his head was required for

"I'm very high on this movie. It's exceptional within this genre of film-making. The best thing Britain has ever made. No question about that."

Jim Atkinson, Dubbing editor.

the crystal helmet which would later show his marine biologist character the future of the world in striking holographic effects. One doubts if Roger, working in tandem with special effects supervisor John Richardson, even realised a human star had been around. They probably missed Lea Brodie, too, when she arrived for make-up and hair-style tests. Too preoccupied with blasting away, defending Vaar from the ominous, tank-like Zaargs . . . which a few weeks later on location, would kill off Lea Brodie's father, the captain of the *Marie Celeste*.

It is the career of an expert backroom brain like Roger Dicken which can, perhaps, best answer the continual question received from **HoH** readers. How to get into special effects?

For the Portsmouth-born Roger, it began by being adamant about not following his father's profession.

"I was a dreamer," he says. "Always making models and things."

While his other schoolmates were into model airplanes and battleships, Roger was down at the public library, busily sketching pterodactyls from books and making them in plasticine models at home. "I was only interested in arts and crafts at school, almost treated the other exams as if they didn't exist. I was in a world of my own." He was popular enough at school, though. Every Friday afternoon, during the one free period of the week, Roger entertained his class with his own Punch and Judy show. Soon enough, he graduated from hand to string puppets. Then he saw Karloff and started making **Frankenstein** models and masks.

At 19, he teamed up with a bunch of



other Pompey lads and formed The Dr. Lugani Horror Show, touring the clubs. "I was Dr. Lugani, the M.C. Master of Cemeteries." What else...?

"It was a little comedy shock show, more like a night club act. One of the guys I introduced as Dracula, and he used to get out of his coffin to bow to the audience. I always had the lights turned low and a few friends planted in the audience—so that the 'spirits' would speak to me from all over the club!"

But his official entrée into show business had to wait until after his national service in the Army. That should have been a two-year delay. Not Roger's way. "I wouldn't have minded if there has been a war on, but to interrupt my serious intentions in life with a lot of nonsensical tasks like white-washing coal just wasn't on. So, I played the idiot and after a few months

they got the message and said the Army would do without my services."

Back at home, Roger Dicken began combining his flair for model-making with cinematic ambitions. He bought an old cine-camera and started filming his models in a garage. When he heard that his idol, Ray Harryhausen, was coming to Britain to make *Mysterious Island*, Roger wrote to the master and received the first of several important letters in his life. Harryhausen invited him down to Shepperton studios. Their discussions sealed Roger's future. "I knew the only job I wanted was to follow Ray Harryhausen's example and create enjoyable fantasy for films."

He began by tending the props at the Royal Court Theatre in Chelsea; a short job ending when the resident prop-maker was ill. Roger transferred from stage to television at the BBC where someone told him of an advertisement for the *Stingray* TV series in an old paper. Roger sorted through all the BBC dust-bins until he located the paper in question, wrote to Gerry Anderson for an interview—"took around various bits and pieces I'd made and they said I could start as soon as I liked".

Curiously enough, at this time, Roger Dicken had visited a clairvoyante. She told him of two offers coming his way—he should accept the second. The following week, two letters arrived. One from the BBC wishing to renew his contract, the second from **Gerry and Sylvia Anderson's** A.P. Films. **Thunderbirds**, marked the

**Dicken** debut in films. He worked on **the series**, until realising he'd accomplished just about everything he could on an sf puppet show. He needed a fresh challenge. Right on cue, another letter arrived. From a former **Thunderbird** colleague—she had told Stanley Kubrick about him.

The next challenge was a classic. **2001.**

"Stanley was still fiddling around with this massive production, dreaming up all sorts of weird and wonderful schemes. He was even thinking of bringing some alien creatures into the film. I took my little reel of film to show him my stuff. He said it was great—and why didn't I join Joy Seddon on making the moon terrain as seen through the spaceship windows... while he thought about the aliens."

Roger worked on **2001** for a full year before the next letter hit the mat. From producer Tony Tenser, setting up **The Blood Beast Terror**. "He offered me the job of making a giant, blood-sucking moth woman. Naturally, I leapt at it. This was my first chance to put my own original monster on the screen. The star of the film was Peter Cushing—he always makes every film a joy to work on."

For another Tenser project, the late Michael Reeves' *Witchfinder General* (US title: *The Conqueror Worm*), Dicken hanged a couple of witches with his own special line of ropes, burnt two more at the stake and 'devised a spike which drew blood without actually penetrating the skin'. For which, Actors' Equity members will, presumably, forever be grateful.

Next came his Hammer work with Jim

*Left: The Mogdaan, a huge creature of the deep rears up, to attack the film's heroes. Below, right: Doug McClure has his hands full when he takes on the Atlantean gillmen.*



Danforth on *When Dinosaurs Ruled The Earth*, followed by Christopher Lee's *Scars of Dracula*... and his first association with producer John Dark and director Kevin Connor, *The Land That Time Forgot*.

"John told me they didn't wish to use animation on that film. Could I come up with some other technique that would look realistic on the screen...? So I decided to give them the very large puppetised creatures. I made a sample and took it to John. He said, if I could come up with all the other monsters on the same principle and with the same impact of conviction, things would be humming."

Hence, Dark-Connors-Dicken humming anew on *Warlords*.

Roger's off-hand mention of "very large puppetised creatures" is about all he will reveal about his monstrous secrets. Having been around guarded folk like Harryhausen, Danforth and Kubrick, Roger Dicken knows well the importance of keeping his own trade secrets to himself. Suffice to say that if puppetry works wonders for *The Muppets*, the technique is far better utilised by Dicken with his mammoth Mogdaan rising from the black wastes around the Atlantean causeway...

He also invented the first shock monster of the film. The giant underwater snake-fish attacking Doug McClure and Peter Gilmore, inside their diving bell. "The snake-fish is a variation of the Loch Ness monster," explains Roger. "But he has large and dangerous snapping jaws, intent on securing the odd pound of flesh from the marine explorers' legs."

And what of Superocto, the scene-stealing, boat-crushing star of *Warlords*—what's that made of? Again, Roger Dicken retains his tricks.

"The octopus," he explains, "is the guardian of the entrance to Atlantis, and responsible for dragging the diving bell and the ship's crew underwater to a subterranean beach—one explanation of the Bermuda Triangle. Our special effects wizard, John Richardson, is responsible for the actions of this Superocto, as we called him. I'm solely concerned with the miniature, on which the larger one was based for perspective shots on the front projection screen."

"But naturally, John Richardson and I worked very closely together throughout the film, as he had the job of creating the action effects and the atmosphere of danger around my hand-made monsters—together with his highly skilled team of explosive special effects assistants."

ENTER John Richardson, fresh from recreating the entire battle of Arnhem for



Top: The *Texas Rose*, about to be attacked by a giant octopus. Centre: The creature slithers aboard. Bottom: How they did it. With the crew up to their chests in water, filming the 8ft model ship.



the mighty anti-war epic, *A Bridge Too Far*. John is, as you'll soon understand, the explosive action man of British movies. Everything from *Straw Dogs* to *The Omen* and *Superman*.

Unlike Roger Dicken, John has followed his father's profession. Cliff Richardson is one of the foremost pioneers in special effect techniques, particularly explosives. "I learned to wire-up safe explosives as a child," John recalls, "just as other boys were learning their ABC and three Rs. By the age of 12, I was working alongside Dad during the three months' filming of Otto Preminger's *Exodus*—in Israel and Cyprus—an explosive film in every sense of the word."

But then, the same can be said for all Richardson films—father or son's.

Cliff Richardson obviously sensed his son's inherent interest in making movies go with a bang, but insisted John had a formal education. "He always said that I would go into the film business over his dead body—a strange expression for a man playing with fire! But he had to eat his words. Soon as I left school at 16, I was working with him on Carl Foreman's war film, *The Victors*."

His apprenticeship over, the first time John was hired as a fully-fledged special effects technician (under his father's supervision), was for a William Holden film in Malaya, *The Seventh Dawn*. The associate producer was John Dark, the *Warlords* producer.

Richardson, *pere et files*, continued blowing up numerous film sets around the world together—Lord Jim, *Judith*, *The Dirty Dozen*, *The Adventurers*, *Young Winston*—before and after John graduated to being a top special-effects man in his own right with *Duffy* in 1968. "Two of the most difficult films I did solo were *Straw Dogs* and *The Devils*."

He first joined forces with the Dark-Connors crew for *The People That Time Forgot*—child's play compared with the variety of tricks he pulls in *Warlords*. He takes explosive control of Roger Dicken's mutations and snake-fish, plus writer Brian Hayes' invention of gillmen guarding the gill-people—snatched from ships in the Bermuda triangle to serve the Atlanteans—and the diving-bell, dropping our heroes into the heart of the Atlantic. And right into trouble.

Plus, as if we should—or could—forget him, *Supercto*, the monster octopus, which wins our vote as the monster of the year. Air-pressurised rubber, or whatever it's made of, the octopus looks incredibly lifelike. It's so real, it makes Bruce, the *Jaws* shark look like Lego.

It's John Richardson's job to put this sailors' nightmare through its paces, in model and super-life-size, during two lethal assaults on the crew of a marine exploration vessel, the 19th Century rigger, *Texas Rose*. The second attack marks the octopus' final glory. It smashes the *Texas Rose* into matchwood, sinking what's left

into Bahama waters.

Except, the Bahamas waters are off the shore of Gozo . . . on location!

Location shooting in Malta began on October 1, 1977; once again with all-important camera tests. Doug McClure, Shane Rimmer and young Ashley Knight (skipper and cabin-boy of the *Texas Rose*) were in the first positive takes. By Monday, October 5, Kevin Connor had the film on the go . . . shooting aboard the *Texas Rose*, complete with diving bell, smoke effects, McClure, Gilmore, Rimmer and his crew. Before long, everyone else was into the act, on the boat, or on the shore—Lea Brodie, Robert Brown as her father, Michael Gotthard as the stately Atlantean Amir, stunt doubles Marc Boyle and Doug Robinson. It's all happening. Seven crowd artists, or extras, working for about £14 a day, six

of the camera unit swallowed water from the miniature tank and was sick during filming . . . the cook cut his fingers in the kitchen . . . stuntman Marc Boyle scratched an arm . . . and Doug McClure needed treatment for dust in his eyes . . .

Worse still happens on the first day in Gozo—Wednesday, October 12. Around lunchtime, when the diving bell has been raised to allow painting underneath, it slipped the block and tackle and crashed down on the deck. A painter was trapped under the bell by his arm, and a girl member of the real crew of the real boat (the *Andando*) being used as *Texas Rose*, was struck on the head by the falling block. Both accident victims were rushed to hospital, and released after X-rays. A very serious, even fatal accident had been narrowly avoided.



As the giant octopus attacks, McClure, Gilmore and crew bravely try to defend themselves.

stand-ins for the stars at half that rate.

On Wednesday, October 5, the real-life battle with the Zaargs at Vaar (City 4) began. With the help of script, the storyboard and commonsense this will later be matched with the model works of the advancing mutations, already in the can at Pinewood. The shooting features the air-lifted 9ft. by 4ft. mammoth Zaarg claw—to trample Robert Brown to an early death.

It's only a fake battle, of course. Robert Brown and his fellow gill-people are shooting cannons at monsters which are lying on shelves at Pinewood. But the daily Progress Report sheets makes it sound like the real thing. One electrician fell off a wall, and grazed an arm and both legs . . . the property master did much the same . . . a plasterer got a splinter in his hand . . . one

But the diving bell was out of commission, damaged beyond immediate repair—it could not be used in the afternoon's shooting on deck. The entire bell was transferred quayside and replaced by the life-sized version of the golden statue (already picked up by the miniature diving-bell at Pinewood) for other deck shots. However, by the time the statue was rigged—safely—on board, the light had gone, the weather had deteriorated and it was impossible to shoot anything. So it goes in film-making.

Director Kevin Connor is not one to waste time, though. He rehearsed scenes for the next day. Time is money . . .

It took a couple of expensive days to repair the diving-bell, and that was about the sole activity going on. Storm warnings

cancelled shooting at sea. Indeed, it had become so rough that the unit's nurse had to be taken off the boat. The nurse was sea-sick.

By October 14, a replacement base collar for the bell had been collected by construction manager Syd Nightingale from a factory in Malta. Bringing the new collar back to Gozo was not that simple—a special permit had to be obtained to “ply by night”. Once in Gozo, Syd’s construction men worked through the night affixing the new collar in order for the bell to be ready for action the following morning. And it was.

The rest of the location shoot went off without hitch. Apart from a few scratches, Doug McClure was hit in the head by one of Roger Dicken’s flying snapper fish. John

the special effects sets, with a miniature whirlpool, right up until Friday, January 13, 1978—an odd choice of final day for the normally very superstitious John Dark. He’s obviously been touching a veritable forest of wood.

Compared, for example, with the welter of headlines and considerable angst surrounding the re-making of *King Kong*—the full-sized Kong that never functioned, the bits and pieces that had to be used instead, the money spent or rather lavished on the filming and the almighty rows which crept into the gossip columns and continued right up until the Kong Oscar row—*Warlords Of The Deep* was wrapped up as neat and as tidily, and as swiftly, as a baby in nappies.

The how of it all is quite simple. Team-

again on our next picture, *The Arabian Adventure*—is having the people who will be working for us involved in writing the script. My production designer, my technical art director, my production supervisor, and various other people in all the various other departments—Roger’s, John’s, Jim Atkinson’s—are actually involved in the development of the script. So, when the time comes that we hit the floor, everybody knows what it is all about.”

That way they’ve all had time aplenty to solve their multifarious nagging problems before shooting starts. Not during it. Of course, that is the theory with most films. Just doesn’t seem to happen on most movies, though.

If the shooting of *Warlords* was now over, the film was far from finished. As January disappeared into April, the final magical touches were added to the new product. The holographic sequences, the stunning opening sequence of writer Brian Hayes’ asteroid from Mars crashing into the sea . . . The score had to be composed. And the entire melange of dialogue, music and necessary sound-effects, had to be similarly wrapped up, all neat and tidy—the final icing on any fantasy cake.

In this case, the icing had the added touch of surrealist genius.

ENTER Jim Atkinson, who may even yet beat Supercto to being the real star of the show. His job, or position, is labelled *dubbing editor*. It doesn’t sound enough to cover his expertise in sound. He works more like some explorer into the last great unknown territory, which is how he regards the future development of the movie soundtrack.

Okay, talkies have been with us for many years. But few are the paens written to the hidden men in head-phones producing sound. (Unless it’s that relentless disco-thing called Sensusound.) Even fewer are the directors renowned for placing as much emphasis on sound—pure sound, effective sound as opposed to simple sound-effects—as in their visuals. Hitchcock, certainly; Polanski, definitely; and more recently, John Boorman. To them sound means more than the merely well-recorded dialogue, the accompanying score, and maybe the odd train, boat, plane, bus or screeching brakes or heroine’s screams. Sound to them completes the picture; better still, it *adds* to the picture. Case in point, thinks Jim, is *Star Wars*.

Back on Gozo, Doug McClure had told John he’d felt something missing in their last film, *The People That Time Forgot*—“the something extra that had been in *At The Earth’s Core*”. “Yeah,” nodded John, “we had Jim Atkinson on *Earth’s Core*. He gives an extra dimension to our pictures. His track is more sophisticated than our visuals. That’s necessary and important. And that will probably put *Warlords* in a different league.”

Jim Atkinson paints with sound. He talks



Above: No sooner have the crew of the *Texas Rose* arrived in the undersea world than a platoon of gillmen emerge menacingly. Facing Page: John Richardson attends to detail on the model diving bell (top) and looks over the small size octopus model with special effects technician John Brown (bottom). While, middle, the octopus and diving bell as they appear in the finished film.

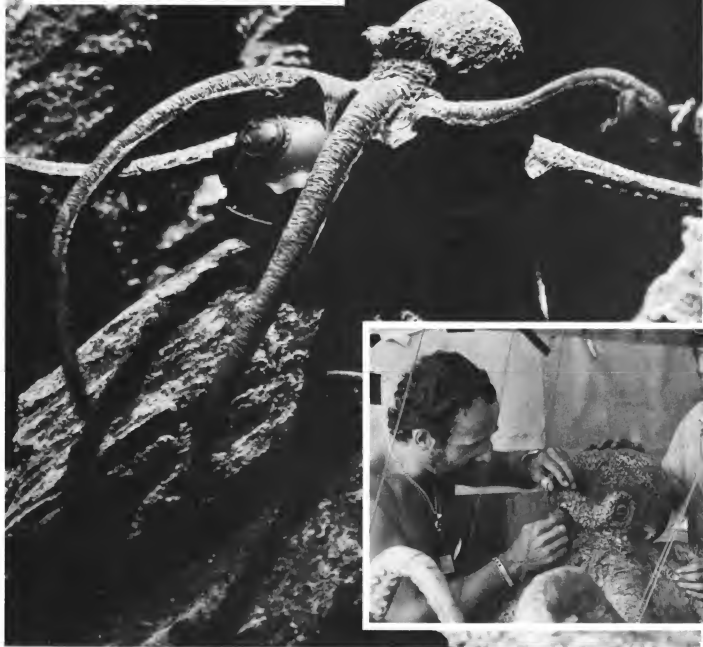
Richardson burnt a foot with molten metal when welding some of his equipment. And one of the crew was knocked unconscious when the barn-door dislodged an arc-lamp onto his head. Otherwise, everything was fine, and the Unit returned to Pinewood on October 31, to join up with the chief Atlanteans, Cyd Charisse and Daniel Massey—trying to harness Peter Gilmore’s Alpha-intellect brain-power with a crystal helmet to serve their own ends.

Doug McClure wrapped up his work with a post-synching session at the studios on December 13, and was back in California’s Pebble Beach in good time for Christmas with his wife and eight-year-old daughter, Valerie. Shooting continued, though, right back where it had begun, on

manship. From top to bottom.

ENTER producer John Dark. “Kevin Connor and I are boys who have come up through the business. We don’t have any illusions. We’re not on ego trips. We know that we have to make our product on a low budget and somehow make it work. Most people with low budgets think they should pay low people. Kevin and I think because we’re on a low budget, we have to hire the best people we can get to do the job. And we fight to get ‘em . . . any way we can. Sometimes—not very often as Jim Atkinson will tell you!—we might have to pay somebody a little more money than normal. We do so, because we want that person and we know that they can do the job.

“Second thing we do—we’re doing it



of a mauve sound . . . an orange sound. "I can create an orange sound for you. When that orange sound goes against that orange colour, it'll match. I'd used a melatron; or vibes. Very rich. Very round. And very warm. That's orange!"

He can provide animal sounds, as well. An elephant is a trombone; a lion would be a 'cello. And the octopus? "To be honest, I started with a symbol instrument—bagpipes. A complete disaster! Bagpipes

he keeps. He's into zithers lately, and records a lot of tubular bells—which came in useful in the Hall of Pleasure sequence in *Warlords*. The scene needed innocent laughter among all the Atlanteans lounging around on couches, and a ripple of bells taking that sound over. "So I used the two elements—you can't do a stylised soundtrack that nobody understands."

Unlike Roger Dicken and his models, John Richardson and his explosions, Jim

was a signals operator in the Army. Out of khaki, he got into documentary films as a would-be cameraman. "After I dropped a highly expensive camera out of a helicopter, they relegated me to the sound department—the most unenvied section in any film studio". He selected music for documentaries, the right music for the right visuals, and got into jazz on discovering Miles Davis—soon amassing a collection of 3,000 jazz albums. Then came rock—he left films to manage two groups, Zebra and Legover, which led him to the intricacies of electronic equipment and its endless permutations for blending.

"The more you slow down sound, the more you begin to hear the harmonics of it. This is where sound gets exciting—sur-realist. I have whale sounds slowed down, for example. But I don't use that to be clever. If it doesn't have any emotional impact, I'll throw the idea out. Like I threw the bagpipes out. A nice idea, but it didn't work. But you have to try these things . . ."

When Jim returned to films, it was on features, not documentaries. He was sound editor on *The Mini Mob*, won his major break with Karel Reisz' *Isadora Duncan* film; then John Boorman got the message about the highly individual Atkinson approach to movie sound. Jim worked on four Boorman vehicles in succession: *Leo The Last, Deliverance, Zardoz* and *Exorcist II—The Heretic*. If the films flopped, the sound did not.

"In my opinion, the application of electronic sound to film, specially on a subject with the fantasy element and imaginative scope of *Warlords*, is one of the most fascinating new areas of film-making," declares Jim. "I've been trying this for years; I've been wandering around with newspaper stuck in my shoes, trying to do it—and received no encouragement whatsoever, except for several people. John Boorman is one. John Dark and Kevin Connor are the others. They are the only three people I've met in 18 years in this industry who can actually relate to the possibility that the soundtrack doesn't have to be the Cinderella of the film business . . . that there is almost no limit to the variety of sound effects that can be used to heighten the atmosphere of fantasy adventure."

John Dark is likewise very high on Jim Atkinson. "Let me say that I didn't woo James away from Warner Brothers in Burbank, from *Superman* and all points North—to ignore what he says to me."

Which explains why a certain ex-member of the Manfred Mann group, a film/TV/pop composer and arranger in his own right for some years, is supplying the *Warlords* score—the musicianship to Jim's sounds.

ENTER Mike Vickers, looking a cross between actors Dennis Waterman and Alan Howard, and as hugely fascinated by the possibilities of musical electronics as Jim is. Mike was the second person in



*The mogdaan attacks! Above: live action footage. Below: with creature added to the final film.*



may look like an octopus, but it's a very limited instrument. I tried one of those rubber plungers you ram into blocked sink units, but finished up with violins and running an electric guitar up and down a mike-stand. Nothing new . . . the Ten Years After group did that years ago. Alvin Lee used to slide his guitar up and down the mike. And I remembered it . . . went back eight years."

Jim stores sounds. Anything important,

was not always turned-on by sound. As a lad in a Somerset village and later attending "a grotesquely expensive public school", he was turned off music. His mother, an opera singer, had pushed him into learning piano, and his teacher was a Beethoven buff who considered any other music sheer rubbish. Jim preferred watching gangster movies at the village cinema.

The first sound to intrigue him was the "staccato urgency" of morse code when he

Britain to buy one of Robert Moog's sound-synthesisers. (The first was ex-Beatle George Harrison.) "Any new instrument is an extension," comments Mike. "I became something of a pioneer in the synthesiser field which meant I got an image of being only into fantasy. Fortunately, I do like fantasy. I read a lot of science fiction." He records it, too; being responsible for Kenny Everett's recent *Capt. Kremin* hit disc.

After three years with Manfred Mann, Mike went into freelance arranging for people like the Beatles, Scaffold, Tom Jones, Cilla Black, until the arrival of his highly expensive Moog synthesiser steered him more into composition. He started with TV themes and commercials—"for Skippy Nuts in America, I found different sounds for four different kinds of nuts"—and films like Hammer's *Dracula: AD 1972*. He was called in as electronic specialist for albums like *Jesus Christ, Superstar* and the Beatles' *Abbey Road*. His reputation was growing, further enhanced by sending tapes of his experiments to music companies—which is how Jim Atkinson met him.

They worked together on two John Boorman films, *Deliverance* and *Zardoz*. "I just helped Jim on a couple of sound effects." First time they worked as a full team, dubbing editor and composer, each adding to the other's audio gallery, was for Dark-Connor's *At The Earth's Core*. They make a deadly team, trying anything to smash through the traditional sound-barriers.

For *Warlords*, they've even created literal underwater music, to match the subterranean cities. "Yeah," laughs Jim, "we buried the London Symphony Orchestra in the Serpentine for a week!"

"Actually, we put one musician in a water-tank," explains Mike, "and got him to play instruments in the water. We



Above: Gilmore under the influence of the *Atlantians'* mind controlling helmet, which reveals to him future events, but also soaks up his alpha-level intellect, to leave him a mindless hulk.

recorded them from below; underwater. We tried everything—saxophone, violin, bassoon, post horn, French horn . . . The result is a series of strange, whispering sounds—like echoes—blurred over so you're never sure when one sound stops and another begins."

"We didn't, of course, sink the entire saxophone," adds Jim. "Just dangled the bell of it in the water. We used a special microphone underwater and you get a strange wall of bubbles and a musical connotation to it. You wouldn't know it was a sax. I found, though, that you can

actually play a violin underwater—unbelievable sound! An ominous rumbling roar with a musical sound attached."

What about the dialogue? Once taken prisoner in the Atlantic, Gilmore and the *Texas Rose* crew are underwater, although no water is seen—they're encased inside the asteroidal cities. To be strictly accurate, shouldn't they sound different?

"Oh, they will," grinned Jim, over lunch with John Dark. "They will. There's a line in the script, 'you'll never escape from this rock bubble,' which describes the whole feeling of water passing over you, of living in a vacuum. To match that mood, I'm using a piece of equipment I got to grips with in America, never heard of it until I got out there—a harmoniser. This can lower or heighten the pitch of a voice, a musical note or any sound. I'll tell you, if it wasn't for the harmoniser a lot of very well-known singers would never be in pitch . . .

"In other words, as I speak now, it's possible for a harmoniser to drop the pitch of my voice and yet still allow the soundtrack to remain completely in synch. So, when they go diving into the unknown Atlantic, I intend—with the blessing of everyone that surrounds me—to have the voices drop in pitch. Because you're right—voices change underwater."

"Aha!" said John Dark. "Lovely!"

Which doesn't leave any more to be said. Apart from a harmonised echo of John Dark and Kevin Connor's basic and well-proven filmology creed. "We hire the best people we can find for the job. And we fight to get 'em . . . anyway we can."



# TERROR FROM THE TOMB



In issue 15, following our adaptation of *The Mummy's Shroud*, Alan Frank wrote an overview of Mummy films, from 1899 to 1956, deliberately leaving out the Hammer series to be covered later. So, following our comic strip of Hammer's *The Mummy*, we now present John Brosnan's look at all the Hammer Mummy series.



**W**ho cares whether you've got a monster made out of bits and pieces or walking around because some guy has sprinkled magic powder in a tomb like in the Mummy films? There's no variation you can make with a Mummy film. The first one that Universal made was okay, but the rest? Rubbish! It all comes down to this bloke coming out of a tomb covered in bandages. There's nothing very horrible about that after you've seen it once."

That was producer Kevin Francis talking at a time when it seemed that his company, Tyburn Films, after the release of *The Ghoul and Legend of the Werewolf*, seemed set to challenge Hammer Films (and before the market for these low-budget type of horror films practically vanished overnight). Francis was explaining why he wasn't intending to make any mummy films himself and he certainly had a valid point because, of all the traditional horror film themes, the mummy one seems to have the least potential for variety. But none of the mummy films, and that includes both the first Universal and Hammer ones, have had anything like the stature of the other horror classics.

Apart from the limitations of the plot the main mistake made by the film makers is that they have never taken full advantage of the obvious horror of the situation. A mummy is, after all, a living corpse (I'm referring only to movie mummies, of course, not those rather boring things that lie around in museums)—a person who has been enjomed alive for countless centuries—yet little of this comes across in the average mummy film. Instead the mummy is usually treated as some sort of mindless automaton, a robot in bandages, who carries out the evil commands of someone else. The exception to this was the

1932 Karloff version (in that the mummy himself was in control of the situation, sort of) but Christopher Lee, in Hammer's 1959 film, did manage to invest his portrayal of a mummy with certain imaginative touches. Not only did Lee's lean form and awkward, disjointed way of walking correctly suggest there was a desiccated body beneath the bandages but the facial make-up also enabled him to make effective use of his eyes. By a combination of body mime and facial expression Lee was able to give the impression that there was a tortured mind

involved and this increased the basic horror of the character (as Lee has always rightly maintained that a sympathetic monster always has more impact than a purely malignant one).

The scenes of Lee, as the mummy, rising out of the swamp at night are the most memorable ones in the film but also impressive is the final sequence where the mummy attempts to carry the girl (Yvonne Furneaux) back into the marsh. Once again Lee's eyes reveal that the mummy isn't just an animated corpse but a creature that still retains a vestige of self-awareness. But though Lee was excellent in the part he didn't enjoy playing the role. "Going through these swamps holding the girl out in front of me," said Lee, "caused an enormous strain on my arms and back. And with all the wires and tubes and jets and pipes in the studio tank crashing into your shins I was torn to bits, bleeding all over the place. That doesn't sound like anything particularly unpleasant but it was. And going underwater to 'appear' out of the swamp—I don't like that sort of thing."

The Mummy's facial make-up also caused Lee a great deal of discomfort. As make-up man Roy Ashton recounted in our interview with him in *Hot 12*: "Unfortunately I didn't realise that my first attempt at mummy make-up would adhere so closely to his face. It was very uncomfortable for Chris because there was nowhere really for him to breathe! Actually the only place where the air could get into the make-up was around the eye-holes." In subsequent mummy make-up jobs for the sequels Ashton devised a facial make-up that allowed for the presence of airholes and various cavities that prevented pressure



Opposite: Christopher Lee as Kharis, *The Mummy*. Top left: Raymond Huntley and Felix Aylmer discover the tomb of Ananka, *The Mummy* (1959). Above: Yvonne Furneaux due to be carried off by Kharis, also from Hammer's 1959 remake.

on the actors' faces, but though this undoubtedly made the actors themselves happy it meant that the mummies in these sequels appeared less distinctive than the Lee version (subsequent mummies were also much bulkier physically than Lee's which made them very *uncorpse-like* in appearance).

Hammer's *Mummy*, directed by Terence Fisher, can't be described as a copy of the original Universal film though it did incorporate some of that film's plot ingredients, such as the flashback to ancient Egypt showing the circumstances leading up to the mummy's creation (formerly a high priest called Kharis, the mummy had committed sacrilege by attempting to bring his dead lover, the Princess Ananka, back to life). But whereas Karloff only appeared briefly in bandages in the 1932 film, spending the rest of the time as a rather dry-skinned but otherwise normal-looking gentleman in a fez, the Hammer version split the central character into two different people—the mummy remained the mummy throughout the story while the mysterious man in the fez became a latter day follower of an ancient religious sect. Jimmy Sangster's screenplay had the mummy, under the control of the Egyptian, being used to murder the members of a British archaeological expedition one by one. Karloff, in the original, was mainly concerned with persuading a girl, Helen Grosvenor, that she was the reincarnation of the long-dead Princess but Sangster doesn't dwell too much on this aspect of the story. Instead

Yvonne Furneaux's resemblance to the mummy's dead lover is treated as being almost just a coincidence and is mainly used as a device to distract the mummy's attention when he's attempting to throttle the life out of poor Peter Cushing. The mummy's entrance into the Cushing household at the beginning of this sequence is quite spectacular—he suddenly comes crashing straight through the front door—but according to Lee it wasn't supposed to be *that* spectacular: "It was a prop door of light wood but part of the trick in that sort of thing is to make sure the door isn't locked, so that it bursts open just after your blows begin to shatter it. On this occasion the door had been locked. I nearly knocked myself out going through it and dislocated my shoulder."

Apart from Lee's performance *The Mummy* isn't as memorable as the other Hammer horror classics of the 1950s but compared to the sequels it looks like a masterpiece. The first sequel was *The Curse of the Mummy's Tomb* in 1964. Directed by Michael Carreras and scripted by Henry Younger it was simply a variation on the plot of the previous film. In it Jack Gwillim played Sir Giles Dalrymple, head of the inevitable archaeological expedition, who is shocked when his American financial backer, Alexander King (played by Fred Clark), announces that the mummy of Ra Anef, just exhumed from its tomb, will be exhibited on a world-wide tour. An Egyptian government official, Hashmi Bey (George Pastell) warns King that such sacrilege will bring a curse down upon all





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YOU FACE...

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concerned but King refuses to take his warning seriously. Of course people start dying before you can say Anthony and Cleopatra and the first to go is the father of beautiful Annette Dubois (Jeanne Roland). Shortly afterwards her fiancé John Bray (Ronald Howard) is attacked while en route to England on the ocean liner carrying the mummy but he is saved from his mysterious assailant by the sudden intervention of fellow passenger Adam Beauchamp (Terence Morgan).

In England the mummy (Dickie Owen) disappears from his coffin, apparently brought to life by the reading of an inscription on an ancient Egyptian medalion, and goes on the rampage. It kills King, Sir Giles and even Hashmi Bey (who was naturally the chief suspect up until that point) and then kidnaps Annette who naturally resembles someone the mummy used to know and love back in the old days. Eventually we learn that Beauchamp is the real villain—he reveals that he is Ba, Ra's wicked brother (what imagination their ma and pa showed when it came to naming them). As punishment for murdering Ra (they were both in love with the same girl) Ba has been cursed to endure eternal life but hopes to escape this fate by ordering Ra (who is the mummy, in case you've forgotten) to murder Annette and then kill

himself so that they will be together in death. The climax takes place in a sewer—John Bray arrives in the nick of time and saves Annette from Ra and Ba and then Ra kills Ba and ends the film by bringing down the roof of the sewer on his head (no doubt he died flushed with success).

Even less memorable was *The Mummy's Shroud* in 1966 which was written and directed by John Gilling. Once again it was the same old story—a tomb is despoiled, a curse is invoked and a mummy goes on the rampage before finally being destroyed. About the only original thing in the film was the manner of the mummy's departure—instead of sinking into a swamp or being buried in a sewer the mummy actually *pulls* himself to pieces (after someone reads the right words from a sacred shroud)—first crushing his head to powder between his hands and then proceeding to destroy the rest of himself until there's nothing left but a few bones, some bandages and a lot of dust. The only other memorable scene in the film is the one where Michael Ripper (a marvellous character actor and a Hammer regular), playing a pathetic, near-sighted, little man is killed by the mummy. In a particularly cruel touch the mummy breaks Ripper's glasses before tossing him out the window. . . .

*The Mummy's Shroud* wasn't a great financial success so it wasn't until 1971 that another mummy film appeared. This was *Blood from the Mummy's Tomb* but, significantly, it didn't even have a mummy in it despite the title. It *did* have a dead Egyptian princess (Valerie Leon) but she wasn't exactly what you'd call mummified—just the opposite in fact. Apart from that the film was all very familiar with its ancient Egyptian curses, reincarnation, a series of murders, etc. Script writer Chris Wicking tried to season the mix by adding a lot of plot twists and an increased sense of mystery but this wasn't enough to make the film any more successful than the previous mummy sagas (the production was also handicapped by the death of its director, Seth Holt, during the shooting; Michael Carreras had to step in and finish the film).

Since then there haven't been any other mummy films (not in this country, anyway) but then the traditional gothic horror film genre has more or less been resigned to limbo for the last few years so we haven't seen *Dracula*, *Frankenstein*, etc, either. Perhaps Kevin Francis is right in saying that mummies simply aren't interesting enough to be successful horror film characters but one can't help feeling that it *must* be possible to make a really good—and horrific—mummy film . . . providing that the usual plot formula could be dispensed with. However with the horror film industry going in the direction it is these days it will no doubt be a long time before anyone makes the attempt.

**The Mummy (1959)**  
Peter Cushing (as Dr John Banning), Christopher Lee (Kharis), Yvonne Furneaux (Izabel Annes), Felix Aylmer (Sisiphen Banning), Eddie Byrne (Mourmazer), Raymond Huntley (Joseph Whemple), George Pastell (Mehemet)  
Directed by Terence Fisher. Screenplay by Jimmy Sangster from the screenplay of *The Mummy* (1932) by John L. Balderston based on a story by Nina Wilcox Putnam and Richard Schayer. Photographed by Jack Kahner. Art Direction by Bernard Robinson. Edited by Michael Carreras and Alfred Cox. Music by Frank Reizenstein. Associate producer Anthony Nelson-Kaye. Produced by Michael Carreras. Released by Universal (Britain) through RNC.  
Time: 88 mins

**The Curse of the Mummy's Tomb (1964)**  
Terence Morgan (as Adam Beauchamp), Fred Clark (Alexander King), Ronald Howard (John Bray), Jeanne Roland (Annette Dubois), George Pastell (Hashmi Bey), Jack Gwillim (Sir Giles Dalrymple)  
Directed by Michael Carreras. Screenplay by Henry Younger (Michael Carreras). Photographed by Otto Heller. Art Direction by Bernard Robinson. Edited by James Needs and Eric Boyd Perkins. Music by Carlo Mattelli. Associate Producer Bill Hill. Produced by Michael Carreras. Released by Columbia (Britain) through BLC.  
Time: 80 mins

**The Mummy's Shroud (1967)**  
John Phillips (as Shadyr Preston), Andre Morell (Sir Basil Walder), David Buck (Paul Preston), Elizabeth Sallaz (Barbara Preston), Maggie Kimberly (Claire), Michael Ripper (Lobanoff)  
Directed by John Gilling. Screenplay by John Gilling from a story by John Elder (Anthony Hinds). Photographed by Arthur Grant. Production Design by Bernard Robinson. Art Direction by Don Mingaye. Edited by James Need and Chris Barnes. Music by Don Banks. Produced by Anthony Nelson-Kaye. Released by Warner-Pathe (Britain), 20th Century-Fox (USA).  
Time: 84 mins

**Blood from the Mummy's Tomb (1971)**  
Andrew Kall (as Prof Julian Fuchs), Valerie Leon (Margaret Tave), James Villiers (Corbeck), Hugh Burden (Dandridge), George Coulouris (Belgian), Mark Edwards (Tas Browning), Rosaline Crutchfield (Helen Dickerson), Aubrey Morris (Dr Putnam), David Markham (Dr Burgess), Susan Young (Mrs Corbeck)  
Directed by Seth Holt and Michael Carreras. Screenplay by Christopher Wicking of the novel *Journal of the Seven Stars* by Bram Stoker. Photographed by Arthur Grant. Art Direction by Scott MacGregor. Edited by Peter Waddeley. Music by Telemann Carv. Produced by Howard Brandy. Released by MGM-EMI. Time: 94 mins




# VAN HELSING'S TERROR TALES



CORRIGAN WAS A LIFER, WITH NOTHING LEFT TO LOSE. VIOLENCE HAD BEEN HIS WAY OF LIFE AND NOW, JAILED FOR MURDER AND ARMED ROBBERY, HE SPENT HIS DAYS PLANNING ESCAPE... LITTLE KNOWING HE'D ALREADY BEEN MARKED, TOUCHED BY...

## THE HAND OF FATE



JUST A FEW MORE MINUTES, AND WE'LL BE ALL SET. YOU REMEMBER WHAT TO DO, BRANDT?

SURE, CORRIGAN, SURE AIN'T WE BEEN OVER IT A THOUSAND TIMES?




OKAY, KNOCK IT OFF, EVERYBODY! GET LINED UP!



ALRIGHT, YOU TWO... UP WITH THE WRISTS, NICE 'N' EASY NOW...



RIGHT, NOW!



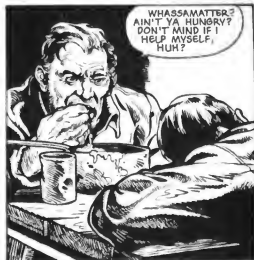
CHRIST! YOU LEFT TOO DAMN LATE, CORRIGAN! HE CHAINED US UP!

GET MOVIN', BRANDT! WE AIN'T BLOWIN' THIS CHANCE NOW!



THEY PUSHED ON UNTIL NIGHTFALL,  
AND THEN...





CORRIGAN PUSHED HIMSELF RELENTLESSLY ON,  
FIGHTING AGAINST HIS HUNGER AND THIRST...



UNTIL...

WATER!



ANOTHER HUT—  
LOOKS LIKE MY LUCK'S  
HOLDING OUT! MAYBE I  
CAN FIND SOME  
FOOD THERE!



BUT, AS CORRIGAN  
APPROACHED THE  
FAR BANK...



GASP! I CAN'T  
MOVE! DAMN  
CHAIN'S  
SNAGGED!



THE CURRENT WAS STRONG...  
AND CORRIGAN WAS WEAK...



"BUT IMAGINE, DEAR  
READER, THE FROGMAN'S  
SURPRISE AND HORROR  
WHEN HE FOUND OUT  
EXACTLY WHAT HAD  
BEEN HOLDING  
CORRIGAN BACK!"



HIS WRIST WAS  
CHAINED... LOOKS LIKE  
IT SNAGGED ON SOMETHING.  
SEE IF YOU CAN GET A  
LOOK AT IT...

RIGHT, CHIEF...  
SHOULDN'T  
TAKE A SECOND.

CORRIGAN'S BODY WAS  
EVENTUALLY FOUND, BUT  
TRY AS THEY MIGHT, THE  
POLICE COULD NOT  
RELEASE HIM FROM THE  
RIVER'S GRIP...



End

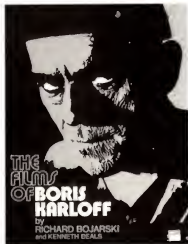
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